

PD GAZETTE - JULY 2015

NON-FICTION AND FICTION IN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN



Mountain Bluebirds

Bluebirds, American patriotism, Shakespeare, romantic poetry, & sci-fi fill this issue. RIP Nick Danger -- Firesign Theater's great Phil Austin died June 18, 2015 at age 72. Survivors include his wife, Oona, and their six dogs. Hear some of his witty work here:

https://archive.org/details/Firesign_Theatre_Podcasting_001

Large collection of Firesign Theater parodies of radio ads, news items, and old time radio shows. Probably meant for use by the more creative college and community (non-commercial) radio DJs. Just give them the credit, kids. (The Editor)

From: The Project Gutenberg EBook #22726
of *New Poems*, by D. H. Lawrence

PICCADILLY CIRCUS AT NIGHT

Street-Walkers.

WHEN into the night the yellow light is roused like
dust above the towns,
Or like a mist the moon has kissed from off a pool in
the midst of the downs,

Our faces flower for a little hour pale and uncertain
along the street,
Daisies that waken all mistaken white-spread in ex-
pectancy to meet

The luminous mist which the poor things wist was
dawn arriving across the sky,
When dawn is far behind the star the dust-lit town
has driven so high.

All the birds are folded in a silent ball of sleep,
All the flowers are faded from the asphalt isle in
the sea,
Only we hard-faced creatures go round and round,
and keep
The shores of this innermost ocean alive and
illusory.

Wanton sparrows that twittered when morning
looked in at their eyes
And the Cyprian's pavement-roses are gone, and
now it is we
Flowers of illusion who shine in our gauds, make a
Paradise
On the shores of this ceaseless ocean, gay birds of
the town-dark sea.

Two articles from Chambers's Journal of Popular Literature, Science, and Art, No. 706 July 7, 1877

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A TRIP ON LAKE NYASSA.

As many of our readers will doubtless recollect, Mr E. D. Young, R.N., left this country in May 1875, with a small party, for the purpose of establishing the Livingstonia mission, and of placing a small steamer on Lake Nyassa, in the interior of Africa; he and his friends being moved thereto by an earnest determination to carry out one of the dearest wishes of the late Dr Livingstone. Mr Young has recently returned home; and on February 26th he delivered, before the Royal Geographical Society, an interesting account of what he did and what he saw on the Lake of Storms, from which we condense the following brief particulars.

We join Mr Young and his party at the Kongoné mouth of the Zambesi, where the sections of the little steamer *Ilala* were screwed together; and although an extraordinary flood, early in 1875, had altered the course of the rivers since her captain's previous visit, nothing materially impeded her passage to the foot of the Shiré cataracts. These falls extend for some seventy-five miles, and are a very formidable obstacle to navigation. In the distance named, the waters of Lake Nyassa leap down a staircase of rocks and boulders for some eighteen hundred feet; and before the traveller can reach the higher ground, he has to traverse a most rugged road. Want of porters, as a rule, is the most grievous obstacle to be overcome; but thanks to the kindly recollection existing among the natives of previous missionaries, Mr Young experienced no difficulty on this score; and in ten days the *Ilala* was taken to pieces, and her sections, boilers, machinery, and stores were conveyed to the upper end of the cataracts. What, however, is thus told in a few brief words, involved very great toil; and Mr Young himself says that the carriage of the steel plates, &c., necessitated some of the most tremendous exertion he ever witnessed, which was much aggravated by the intense heat, in some places reaching one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade. We may certainly admit with him, that the men who did this four days' work for six yards of calico each (say one shilling and sixpence), finding their own food too, without a grumble or a growl, were not to be despised. The work of reconstruction was soon accomplished, and steam was up in a fortnight.

The little steamer entered Lake Nyassa at 7 a.m. on the 12th of October 1875. After examining several beautiful bays and inlets, which did not afford the necessary shelter for the vessel, Mr Young's party resolved to settle, at anyrate temporarily, at Cape Maclear, whither, accordingly, they transported all their stores. On November 19th Mr Young set off on a voyage round the lake, in the course of which he discovered a large

extension of its waters, hitherto unknown. Making his way northwards, he came in sight of the grand range which towers over Chiloweela; in places the mountains run sheer down into the lake, and no bottom could be got at one hundred fathoms. After weathering a furious gale which raged for thirteen hours, the Ilala pursued her northward voyage, passing the islands of Likomo and Chusamoolo. On his right, Mr Young reports an iron-bound coast stretching everywhere, excepting only when some ravine came down to the shore. In one spot, there were evident signs of a dreadful massacre having taken place—the result of a slave-raid. Mr Young's account of what he saw here is curious and interesting. Hardly any wood, he says, was to be procured, in consequence of the forests being cleared, and the only remnant of a large population was now to be found on rocky patches jutting up from the water of the lake, and on singular 'pile villages.' It was found that the poor creatures had conveyed earth in their canoes to these rocks, and wherever a crevice afforded a hold, there would a little patch of cassava or corn appear, grown with infinite labour.

The platform villages reached by Mr Young were exceedingly interesting; for the most part they are built three or four hundred yards from the shore, and in from eight to twelve feet of water. Poles are driven down in rows, and on the top of{429} them a wooden platform is constructed, forming the foundation or floor of the village. To give some idea of the extent of these, it may be mentioned that one of them consisted of about one hundred huts. With an abundance of fish round them, the islanders hold their own against starvation. Shortly after leaving these strange villages, Mr Young met with some scenery, the description of which is worth quoting. 'We were now abreast,' he says, 'of some mountains that amongst the parallel ranges which virtually make a mountain-basin of Lake Nyassa, exceed them all in stupendous grandeur. In no part of the world have I seen anything to equal their peculiar magnificence. With peaks apparently from ten to twelve thousand feet high, they run perpendicularly down into the lake. The rain was pouring upon them, and numberless waterfalls hung like threads of white floss-silk from crevices which ran out upon their sides far up among the clouds. Baffled by the raids of the Ma Viti in 1866, Livingstone could not induce his men to go with him to the north end of Nyassa, and thus he missed seeing that which would have struck him as the most beautiful feature of "his old home," as he called the lake. There was but one name to give to these mountains. At its northern end they stand like portals to the lake, faced by the opposite mountains; and as future travellers look upon the "Livingstone Range," it may aid them to remember the man who during his life, more than any other, added to our knowledge of the hitherto unknown beauties of the earth.'

A violent storm, more like what might be expected on the Atlantic than on an inland sea, prevented Mr Young from doing much in the way of

exploring the unknown region at the end of the lake; but he saw there what he believed to be the mouth of a wide river; and this opinion was confirmed by what he learned from the natives when he next landed after the storm referred to. They averred that a River Rovuma or Rõoma flows out at the extreme north; and he inclines to believe this to be the case for the following reasons: In the first place, Dr Livingstone heard the same story twenty years ago, when he discovered the lake, and in quite a different quarter. It will be remembered by many how sanguine he was that the Rovuma River, which debouches on the east coast, was identical with the Nyassa River, and that it would prove to be a second outlet. It may yet prove to be so; but the discovery can be of little use, for the Rovuma ceases to be navigable a short distance from the coast. The second reason for believing the native report is, that in the stormy time, when Mr Young was there, it was very easy to see where rivers ran into the lake. A long current of muddy water would trail out on the dark-blue surface; in this case, however, there was nothing of the kind; and it is consequently tolerably clear that no inflow exists.

Cruising southwards along the western shore of the lake, Mr Young observed, instead of the iron-bound coast on the opposite side, exquisite park-like glades between the mountains and the water's edge; the herds of game merely looked up as the steamer passed, just as sheep raise their heads to gaze at a train, and then went on browsing. In one place a remarkable detached perpendicular rock stands four thousand feet high. The top is flat, and the sides give it the appearance of a pyramid from which a large slice of the top has been removed in order to place in position a perfectly square block of a greenish colour. Beneath this singular summit there is a deep horizontal band of white stone or quartz, succeeded by another of clay apparently; and then comes one of intense black, possibly coal, for this mineral is known to all the natives.

Mr Young's story of his cruise furnishes undeniable evidence of the justness of the name Dr Livingstone gave to Nyassa, namely the Lake of Storms, for he has constantly to record meeting with them—one more terrible than the other. The last he mentions must have been fearfully and awfully grand in its wildness. 'At one time,' he says, 'in the middle of a thunder-storm of great fury, no fewer than twelve waterspouts appeared around us, and we had literally to steer hither and thither to avoid them, for had one overtaken us, it would have sent us to the bottom without a doubt.'

Such are the salient features in Mr Young's brief account of the first trip made by a steamer on the stormy bosom of Lake Nyassa. It did not come within the scope of his paper to describe the daily life of the missionary party at Cape Maclear, the insight they got into the native life, the intrigues of the slave-traders, nor the marvellous effect which the presence of Europeans produced on all sides, more especially in attracting to them

from the four winds the scattered remnants of villages swept away by slave-raids; but it will be interesting to our readers to state in conclusion, that he hopes to preserve these details for the public in another form, which we feel sure will meet with the welcome it cannot fail to deserve, as the record of the establishment of the first British colony on Lake Nyassa.

CURIOUS PICK-UPS.

The pick-ups, the findings, from underground or under-sea, or in hidden places above ground, comprise a strange medley of the odd and the choice, appealing to the tastes or the pockets of persons filling widely diverse positions in society.

The drains and sewers, for instance: can a more lowly and uncomfortable treasure-house than these be found? Rat-killing by dogs, in an inclosed space surrounded by the roughest of roughs, is a savage exhibition unfortunately not yet quite died out from amongst us. The exhibitors purchase the live rats at so much per dozen from men who grope along the filthy sewers in search of them; and in Paris especially, dead rats are brought up from the same unseemly regions, and placed in the hands of skinners and tanners, who manage to get out of them strong and good-looking pieces of leather suitable for the manufacture of gloves. The great changes made in recent years in London by the extensive Main Drainage Works have deprived the sewer-grubbers of much of their chance; but in the old sewers the pick-ups were often strange enough. Dead infants, a dead seal, cats and dogs both alive and dead, spoons, tobacco-boxes, children's playthings, bad half-crowns and shillings, sets of false teeth, washing-bowls, mops, human heads and limbs which had been thus{430} disposed of by body-snatchers or by anatomical and medical students—all were met with by the sewer-flushers. One party of these strangely employed men came on a certain occasion to a spot where the brickwork between the sewer and a beer-cellar had broken through. What did they do? They helped themselves.

On a former occasion, we presented a few illustrations of the curious operation of the law concerning Treasure-trove, the rights and the wrongs of ownership connected with property picked up from the ground or from a small depth below the surface. Among the examples cited was one relating to the finding of treasure near Stanmore in Middlesex, and another connected with the locality of Mountfield in Sussex. Let us present a few jottings of similar pick-ups in more recent years.

A labourer, digging a drain in a farm on the estate of the late Lord Palmerston, found a golden torque or torgue, an ancient British necklace. It was ascertained that the original grant of the estate gave to the grantee, as lord of the manor, a right to all treasure-trove found therein; the veteran

statesman established his claim, but took care that the finder should not go unrewarded. A ploughman, working near Horndean in Hants, found more than a hundred old silver coins in an earthen jar under the surface of the ground; the lord of the manor gave to the finder the intrinsic value of the coins as mere silver, and then had to fight a battle with the Crown as to who ought to possess the coins themselves. One find near Highgate was very remarkable, on account of the strange manner in which the veritable owner made his appearance. Labourers, grubbing up a tree in a field, found two jars containing nearly four hundred sovereigns; they divided the money amongst themselves, and were then taken aback by the lord of the manor claiming it. Before this claim could be investigated, a tradesman came forward and stated that one night, under a temporary delusion, he had gone out and buried the money; when he awoke, and for some time afterwards, he tried in vain to recollect the locality he had selected, and only obtained a clue when he heard a rumour of the finding of four hundred sovereigns. He was able to bring forward sufficient evidence in support of his singular story; and his claim was admitted. On different occasions in 1864 the Crown put in claims for treasure-trove—a gold coin found at Long Crendon in Buckinghamshire; sixty-two gold coins found in an earthen jar in a field at Stockerston, Leicestershire; no less than six thousand silver pennies of the time of Henry III. found at Eccles near Manchester; and seven hundred and sixty silver coins earthed up near Newark. The next following year gave the Crown a claim to a hundred and eighty silver coins of the reigns of Mary, Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., found at Grantham; and to a gold cross and chain brought to light at Castle Bailey, Clare, in Suffolk. The years 1866 and 1867 were marked, among other instances, by the finding of nearly seven thousand small gold and silver coins at Highbury, near London; eighty guineas concealed in the wall of an old house at East Parley, near Christchurch, Hants; and two hundred and sixty old silver coins in a house at Lichfield. In other years there were nine hundred silver coins found at Cumberford in Staffordshire; and eleven rose nobles found in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. These several instances of treasure-trove were settled in various ways. Some of the findings were returned by the Crown to the finders; some were sold to the British Museum, in a manner to place an honorarium in the finder's pocket; some were presented to museums, and the money value given to the finders; some are retained by the Crown, as antiquarian curiosities; while one has been handed over to the descendants of a former owner.

Seven or eight years ago two labouring men found a very ancient gold chain, which they sold to a dealer who knew the value better than they did; the unlucky-lucky men fared badly in this instance, seeing that they were punished for selling the 'find' without giving notice to the authorities—rather hard lines for rustics, who are not likely to know much about the

law of treasure-trove. In another case a poor man found a pair of ancient Irish silver bracelets; he sold them as old silver to a silversmith, who melted them down at once—to the great regret of an antiquary, who would have given much more than their intrinsic value for such relics of former days. During the multifarious diggings which have been going on for some years in and near Cannon Street and its neighbourhood for the formation of new streets and the construction of large commercial buildings, the workmen lighted upon twenty-nine guineas and twenty shillings nearly two centuries old; the men got into trouble because they did not voluntarily give them up. On one occasion when the fusty and musty contents of a rag-dealer's heap were being overhauled, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Houndsditch, a diamond ring was espied. A contest arose as to who should possess it: a woman engaged in sorting the rags claimed it because she had found it; the rag-dealer disputed her claim; a pawnbroker who said he had advanced money on the ring insisted on his prior right; a dealer in old clothes who had sold a garment for that money, and one or two other persons of somewhat doubtful antecedents—all came forward to shew that, for some reason or other, the diamond ring ought to be considered theirs. Whether the crown waived its claim, we are not certain; but a magistrate eventually gave a decision in favour of the rag-sorter.

Bank-notes, as well as coins, jewellery, and articles in the precious metals, sometimes make their appearance among the findings. A bundle of notes was one day picked up outside the counter of a retail shop: the finder claimed them because he was the finder; while the shopkeeper claimed them because it was on his premises that the notes had been dropped. The real owner, whoever he may have been, did not come forward, and the law decided in favour of the finder. But a much more remarkable case occurred two or{431} three years ago. A packet containing no less than ten thousand pounds' worth of bank-notes was picked up from the pavement in one of the busy streets near the Bank of England; ten notes of one thousand pounds each. A young City clerk picked up and pocketed the treasure. A friend advised him, on consultation, to keep the notes until the following day, when a handsome reward would possibly be offered by the luckless person who had inadvertently dropped the notes. A firm of solicitors, in the names of the real owners, speedily offered one hundred pounds to the finder. The judicious friend overshot the mark here; he stipulated that he should have nearly half the sum of one hundred pounds as his reward for the advice given; and at the same time coaxed sixty pounds out of the owners by a fabricated story concerning himself, the finder, and the finding. A sheriff court had to decide the matter, and ordered the 'friend' to return part, at anyrate, of the money he had received.

A queer story has lately found its way into the newspapers, not exactly

touching on the discovery of treasure, but on a concealment which might possibly lead to discovery if this or that were to occur. One Adolfo de Garcilano (so runs the story), a prisoner in Madrid, and lately a colonel in the Carlist army, was instructed by Don Carlos to take six million pesetas (about one franc each) in English securities and Spanish notes to London, inclosed in an iron box. This treasure he was to bury in the earth in a particular locality, make a sketch of the exact spot, and return to Spain. He was next captured by the Alfonsists, thrust into prison, and told that he would not be set free except on the payment of a large sum of money by way of ransom. Thereupon he wrote to some one in England or Scotland, asking for the transmission of a sufficient sum of money; this done, the secret of the buried treasure would be communicated to the liberal ransomer, who was to retain one-third of it as a grateful reward. If there had been only one such letter, some person might possibly have been victimised; but there were more than one, to different quarters, each requesting the money to be sent to a third party at an address named. We may hereby form a tolerably true estimate of Don Adolfo de Garcilano. Undoubtedly the most interesting recent discoveries of small but valuable works in the precious metals are those due to Dr Schliemann.

Archæologists have long recognised the probability that buried beneath some of the ancient cities of the world, there are not only architectural and sculptured fragments of much historical importance still remaining to be discovered, but also jewels and other treasures which have not seen the light for decades of centuries. Nineveh, Babylon, Jerusalem, the more ancient parts of Rome, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Egypt, Cyprus, the site of the famous Troy, and those of the once important cities of Asia Minor—all may perchance have something to shew which the present age would be prepared to welcome and appreciate. Concerning Jerusalem, a conjecture has been brought forward of a remarkable kind. After the rebuilding of the second Temple, there were five occasions on which precious metals, treasures, and artistic ornaments might have been concealed by the priests or servitors of the sacred edifice—namely, during the abstraction and sale of the temple furniture by the apostate high-priest Menelaus; at the plunder and defilement of the Temple by Antiochus Epiphanes; during the plunder by Crassus; during that by Sabinus; and at the total destruction by the Romans. On one or more of these occasions, supposing the Jewish priests and servitors should have placed valuables in the Temple, the place of concealment may not have been made known to others, and the secret may have been carried with the priests to the grave. Various facts have been adduced in support of this surmise, sufficient to whet the curiosity of men who would value such treasures, not for their intrinsic worth as precious metals or precious stones, but for their historical and ecclesiastical connection with momentous events nearly two thousand years ago.

Dr Schliemann, whose name we have just mentioned, when making researches among mounds and heaps of rubbish at or near the supposed site of Troy in Asia Minor, has lighted upon the foundations of cities which he supposes to have been more ancient even than the Iliad.

But the discoveries more immediately connected with our present subject are those which Dr Schliemann has since made in Greece. With the permission of the king he made excavations near Mycenæ, on the site of what is believed to be one of the most ancient cities in that classic land—far more ancient than the renowned Athens. In treasures and tombs, which had not seen the light for an untold number of centuries, he has disinterred beautifully painted vases, whole or in fragments; terra-cotta statuettes and busts of Juno, horses' heads, lions, rams, elephants; knives and keys of iron and bronze; fragments of lyres, flutes, and crystal vases. But most striking of all is the large quantity of gold vessels and ornaments, undoubtedly of precious metal, and in many instances artistically wrought. Sceptres, bracelets, girdles, necklaces, rings, vases, caps, &c. in plenty. One of the Doctor's greatest triumphs was the unearthing of two vases of solid gold, fourteen centimètres (about six inches) high, richly ornamented. Many of these relics, as well as many inscriptions and bas-reliefs on extremely ancient blocks of masonry, have excited the curiosity of classical archæologists in a high degree. Their thoughts go back to the epics and dramas which treat of Agamemnon king of Mycenæ; of the expedition to Troy; of Clytemnestra, Electra, Ægisthus, Orestes; of the stories of some of the Greek plays by Euripides, Sophocles, and Æschylus. They think of these personages and these events; and they lean strongly to the belief that the disinterred ancient city near Mycenæ, and some of the treasures brought to light by Dr Schliemann, may be veritable tokens of the days of Agamemnon. Some of the articles found were in triangular cells, which he thinks may have been treasures or depositories for treasure and valuables. But his principal 'finds' of wrought gold were in chambers which were probably the tombs of Agamemnon, Cassandra, and Eurymedon. The vases, the cups, the diadems, the signet rings, were mostly found in these tombs (if tombs they were); as likewise were the bones of a man and a woman covered with ornaments of pure gold. In short, the discoveries have been of a most unusual, interesting, and valuable kind, well calculated to attract the attention of the learned in Europe, whether{432} learned in classical history or in artistic archæology.

Of discovering or recovering of treasures lying beneath the waves of the ocean, we do not intend to treat here. The reader will find some curious notices on the subject in the article already referred to; also in 'Submarine Treasure Ventures' (May 1, 1869); and in 'The Story of La Lutine' (July 8, 1876).

Le Nozze di Figaro

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*, by
Herbert F. Peyser 1951
EBook #49236

Mozart had longed for years to write a German opera. He boasted of himself as a thoroughly patriotic German and longed for the day when “we should dare to ‘feel as Germans and even, if I may say so, to sing in German.’” The nearest he had come to composing a German Singspiel was when as a child he had produced his little song-play *Bastien und Bastienne* and again when, in 1782, he turned out the inimitable *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. But his ambitions soared even higher and he consumed no end of time and energy perusing the countless opera books sent to him without finding anything that suited his true artistic and dramatic purposes. For a while he had dreamed of accomplishing something in his Mannheim days, even listening with interest, but nothing more, to stuff like Holzbauer’s *Gunther von Schwarzburg*. Though he briefly thought of a *Rudolf von Habsburg*, he had no choice, in the end, but to return to Italian models—now, however, with a difference!

Soon after the amateur presentation of *Idomeneo* in Vienna he had the good fortune to be brought together with Lorenzo da Ponte, whose real name was Emmanuele Conegliano and who belonged to a Jewish family in Ceneda, near Venice. The youth entered a theological seminary and became an industrious student with a poetic bent, which resulted in quantities of Italian and Latin verse. An outspoken adventurer, with countless amorous escapades à la Casanova to his credit, he began his theatrical career in Dresden, went 38 to Vienna where he was to enjoy the favor of Joseph II, and in the process of time went to London and finally to America, where he became a teacher of languages, a liquor merchant, a theater enthusiast, and what-not. He died in New York many years after Mozart but, like him, was buried in a grave of which all traces have been lost.

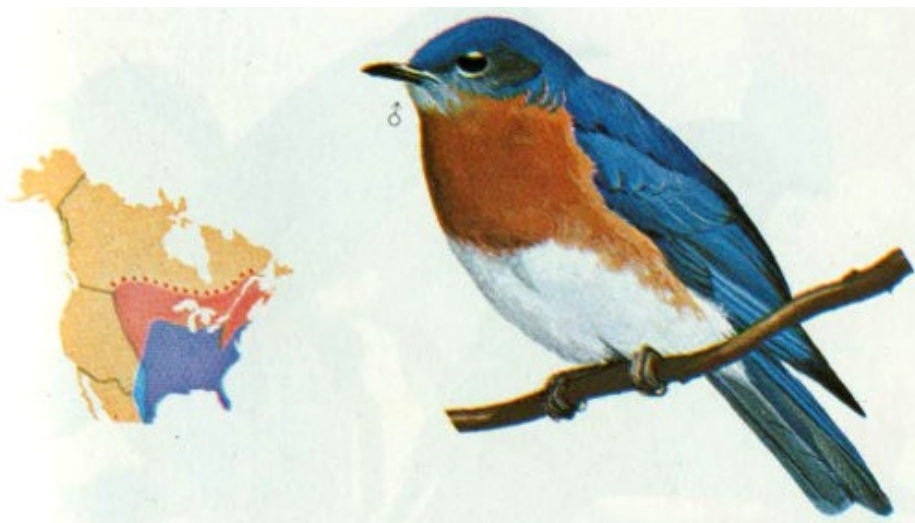
Mozart suggested to his picturesque collaborator (who cheerfully wrote opera books for Salieri, Martin, Righini, and others) a libretto to be adapted from Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais’ *Les Noces de Figaro*, of which Paisiello had recently composed Beaumarchais’ predecessor, *Le Barbier de Seville*. But *Figaro* had been prohibited in France because it reflected on the morals of the aristocracy and the same ban had been in effect in Vienna. Da Ponte, altering it for Mozart’s purposes, adroitly eliminated its barbed satire and then, tactfully explaining his alterations to the Emperor, secured his permission for the performance. The composer, who limited his teaching to the afternoon in

order to complete the score, had been “as touchy as gunpowder and threatened to burn the opera” if it were not produced by a certain time. To Joseph II’s credit it must be said that the music delighted him as soon as Mozart played him a few samples.

Figaro was produced at the Burgtheater on May 1, 1786. A lucky star shone on its birth in spite of intrigues set in motion against it. Its success was tremendous and was abundantly foreshadowed during the rehearsals. The Irish tenor, Michael Kelly (Italianized as “Occhelly”), left us in his memoirs a striking account of the delight with which the singers and orchestra joined the listeners at the end of the first act in acclaiming the composer. “I shall never forget,” he says, “his little animated countenance when lighted up 39 with the glowing rays of genius; it is as impossible to describe as it would be to paint sunbeams.” Father Mozart wrote to Nannerl that, not only had almost every number to be repeated, but that, at the following performance, five were encored, the “Letter Duet” having to be sung three times. In the end the Emperor forbade repetitions. That season Figaro received nine hearings—and for the two following years not a single one! Mozart’s opponents, after a momentary check, had conspired successfully once more.

Know Your Bluebirds

(source: Cavity-Nesting Birds of North American Forests by Evans, Patton, Scott, and Stone 1977 <http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/49172>)



Eastern bluebird

Sialia sialis

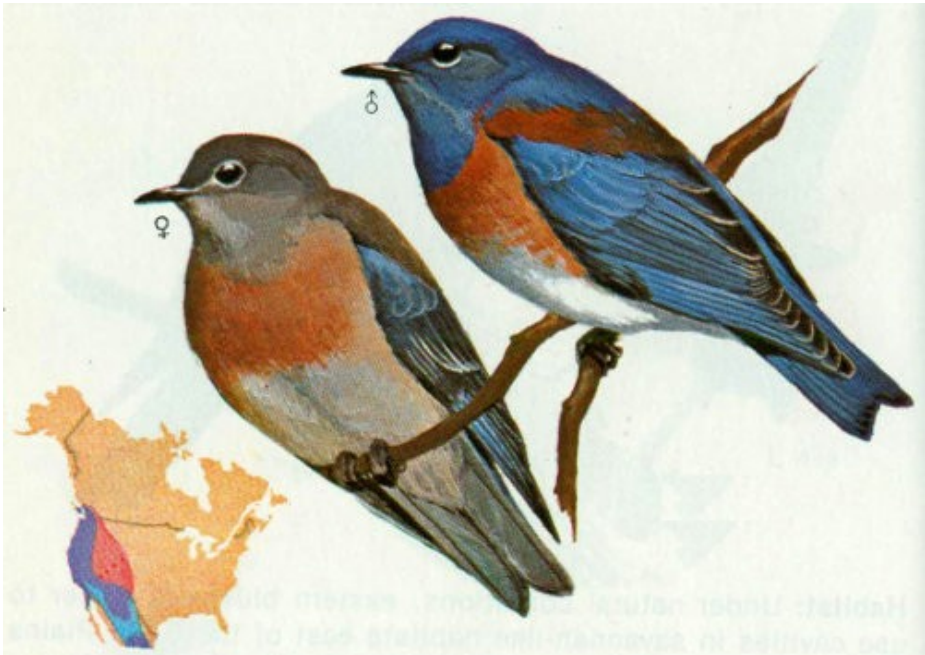
L 5½"

Habitat: Under natural conditions, eastern bluebirds prefer to use cavities in savannah-like habitats east of the Great Plains (Rustad 1972). They are an edge species and therefore do not live in dense woods or in closely built residential sections of town (Thomas 1946). Like purple martins, bluebirds have taken advantage of nest boxes provided in areas around farms, near open fields, and in orchards.

Nest: Eastern bluebird nesting sites (snags) are often eliminated because of their unsightliness or interference with cultivation. When available, eastern bluebirds nest in old woodpecker holes, hollows of decayed trees, and crevices of rocks (Pearson 1936). They will readily take to hollows in wooden fence posts or correctly sized and placed nest boxes (5 × 5 × 8 inches high with a 1.5-inch hole located 6 inches from the bottom). Boxes should be placed 5 to 10 feet above the ground at the edge of a forest opening or field.

Food: Eastern bluebirds consume 70 percent animal matter and 30 percent vegetable matter. Vegetable intake increases to more than 50

percent in December and January, but is completely lacking in May. Animal matter includes grasshoppers, crickets and katydids, various coleoptera, moths and caterpillars, some hymenoptera and hemiptera, as well as various other invertebrates and small vertebrates. Vegetable matter is mostly wild fruits (Bent 1949).



Western bluebird

Sialia mexicana

L 5½"

Habitat: The western bluebird is most abundant in open ponderosa pine forests of the Transition Zone, but may also be found in oak woodlands, pinyon-juniper, mixed conifer, and subalpine forests.

Nest: Nests are usually in old woodpecker holes, but this bird also uses natural cavities. Nests have been reported in oak, sycamore, and pine trees. In Monterey County, California, nests were found from 5 to 40 feet above ground in pine stumps or trees (Bent 1949). This bluebird, like the eastern, also readily nests near humans in bird houses. Nest boxes should be 5 × 5 × 8 inches with a 1.5-inch entrance hole located 6 inches from the floor. Boxes should be placed 5 to 10 feet above ground near

forest openings or meadows.

Food: Beal (Bent 1949) examined the contents of 217 stomachs and found 72 percent animal material (grasshoppers 21 percent, caterpillars 20 percent, useful beetles 9 percent, other beetles 16 percent, ants 5 percent, other hymenoptera 1 percent) and 28 percent vegetable material, mostly wild fruits, including elderberries, mistletoe berries, blackberries or raspberries, prunes, cherries, and a few weed seeds.

(Cover illustration)

Mountain bluebird

Sialia currucoides

L 6"

Habitat: The mountain bluebird nests in nearly all timber types of the Rocky Mountain region, and is reported from 800 to 11,000 feet elevation in Idaho (Burleigh 1972). However, this species usually ranges from 7,000 to 11,000 feet in open forests or near forest edges.

Nest: The mountain bluebird usually nests in natural cavities or in old woodpecker holes but will also use man-made structures. Nests have been reported in fir and pinyon snags and aspen trees (Burleigh 1972, Bent 1949). We recorded six nests in the White Mountains of Arizona ranging from 12 to 35 feet above ground in ponderosa pine snags. Five of these were in abandoned woodpecker holes and one was in a natural cavity. Nest boxes should be similar to those for other bluebirds.

Food: This is probably the most insectivorous of the bluebirds. Studies indicate that nearly 92 percent of the diet is animal material, including miscellaneous beetles, weevils, ants, bees, wasps, cicadas, stinkbugs, negro bugs, assassin bugs, jassids, flies, caterpillars, grasshoppers, locusts, and crickets (Bent 1949). Vegetable items include currants, grapes, elderberries, sumac seeds, mistletoe berries, hackberry seeds, Virginia creeper seeds, and cedar berries.

Produced by Greg Weeks, readbueno and the Online Distributed
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JAMES BARON was not pleased to hear that he had had a visitor when he reached the Red Lion that evening. He had no stomach for mysteries, vast or trifling, and there were pressing things to think about at this time. Yet the doorman had flagged him as he came in from the street: "A thousand pardons, Mr. Baron. The gentleman—he would leave no name. He said you'd want to see him. He will be back by eight."

Now Baron drummed his fingers on the table top, staring about the quiet lounge. Street trade was discouraged at the Red Lion, gently but persuasively; the patrons were few in number. Across to the right was a group that Baron knew vaguely—Andean climbers, or at least two of them were. Over near the door he recognized old Balmer, who had mapped the first passage to the core of Vulcan Crater on Venus. Baron returned his smile with a nod. Then he settled back and waited impatiently for the intruder who demanded his time without justifying it.

Presently a small, grizzled man crossed the room and sat down at Baron's table. He was short and wiry. His face held no key to his age—he might have been thirty or a thousand—but he looked weary and immensely ugly. His cheeks and forehead were twisted and brown, with scars that were still healing.

The stranger said, "I'm glad you waited. I've heard you're planning to attempt the Brightside."

Baron stared at the man for a moment. "I see you can read telecasts," he said coldly. "The news was correct. We are going to make a Brightside Crossing."

"At perihelion?"

"Of course. When else?"

The grizzled man searched Baron's face for a moment without expression. Then he said slowly, "No, I'm afraid you're not going to make the Crossing."

"Say, who are you, if you don't mind?" Baron demanded.

"The name is Claney," said the stranger.

There was a silence. Then: "Claney? _Peter_ Claney?"

"That's right."

Baron's eyes were wide with excitement, all trace of anger gone. "Great balls of fire, man—_where_ have you been hiding? _We've_ been trying to contact you for months!"

"I know. I was hoping you'd quit looking and chuck the whole idea."

"Quit looking!" Baron bent forward over the table. "My friend, we'd given up hope, but we've never quit looking. Here, have a drink. There's so much you can tell us." His fingers were trembling.

Peter Claney shook his head. "I can't tell you anything you want to hear."

"But you've _got_ to. You're the only man on Earth who's attempted a Brightside Crossing and lived through it! And the story you cleared for the news—it was nothing. We need _details_. Where did your equipment fall down? Where did you miscalculate? What were the trouble spots?" Baron jabbed a finger at Claney's face. "That, for instance—epithelioma? Why? What was wrong with your glass? Your filters? We've got to know those things. If you can tell us, we can make it across where your attempt failed—"

"You want to know why we failed?" asked Claney.

"Of course we want to know. We _have_ to know."

"It's simple. We failed because it can't be done. We couldn't do it and neither can you. No human beings will ever cross the Brightside alive, not if they try for centuries."

"Nonsense," Baron declared. "We will."

Claney shrugged. "I was there. I know what I'm saying. You can blame the equipment or the men—there were flaws in both quarters—but we just didn't know what we were fighting. It was the _planet_ that whipped us, that and the _Sun_. They'll whip you, too, if you try it."

"Never," said Baron.

"Let me tell you," Peter Claney said.

* * * * *

I'd been interested in the Brightside for almost as long as I can remember (Claney said). I guess I was about ten when Wyatt and Carpenter made the last attempt—that was in 2082, I think. I followed the news stories like a tri-V serial and then I was heartbroken when they just disappeared.

I know now that they were a pair of idiots, starting off without proper equipment, with practically no knowledge of surface conditions, without any charts—they couldn't have made a hundred miles—but I didn't know that then and it was a terrible tragedy. After that, I followed Sanderson's work in the Twilight Lab up there and began to get Brightside into my blood, sure as death.

But it was Mikuta's idea to attempt a Crossing. Did you ever know Tom Mikuta? I don't suppose you did. No, not Japanese—Polish-American. He was a major in the Interplanetary Service for some years and hung onto the title after he gave up his commission.

He was with Armstrong on Mars during his Service days, did a good deal of the original mapping and surveying for the Colony there. I first met him on Venus; we spent five years together up there doing some of the nastiest exploring since the Matto Grasso. Then he made the attempt on Vulcan Crater that paved the way for Balmer a few years later.

I'd always liked the Major—he was big and quiet and cool, the sort of guy who always had things figured a little further ahead than anyone else and always knew what to do in a tight place. Too many men in this game are all nerve and luck, with no judgment. The Major had both. He also had the kind of personality that could take a crew of wild men and make them work like a well-oiled machine across a thousand miles of Venus jungle. I liked him and I trusted him.

He contacted me in New York and he was very casual at first. We spent an evening here at the Red Lion, talking about old times; he told me about the Vulcan business, and how he'd been out to see Sanderson and the Twilight Lab on Mercury, and how he preferred a hot trek to a cold one any day of the year—and then he wanted to know what I'd been doing since Venus and what my plans were.

"No particular plans," I told him. "Why?"

He looked me over. "How much do you weigh, Peter?"

I told him one-thirty-five.

"That much!" he said. "Well, there can't be much fat on you, at any rate. How do you take heat?"

"You should know," I said. "Venus was no icebox."

"No, I mean _real_ heat."

Then I began to get it. "You're planning a trip."

"That's right. A hot trip." He grinned at me. "Might be dangerous, too."

"What trip?"

"Brightside of Mercury," the Major said.

I whistled cautiously. "At aphelion?"

He threw his head back. "Why try a Crossing at aphelion? What have you done then? Four thousand miles of butcherous heat, just to have some joker come along, use your data and drum you out of the glory by crossing at perihelion forty-four days later? No, thanks. I want the Brightside without any nonsense about it." He leaned across me eagerly. "I want to make a Crossing at perihelion and I want to cross on the surface. If a man can do that, he's got Mercury. Until then, _nobody's_ got Mercury. I want Mercury—but I'll need help getting it."

I'd thought of it a thousand times and never dared consider it. Nobody had, since Wyatt and Carpenter disappeared. Mercury turns on its axis in the same time that it wheels around the Sun, which means that the

Brightside is always facing in. That makes the Brightside of Mercury at perihelion the hottest place in the Solar System, with one single exception: the surface of the Sun itself.

It would be a hellish trek. Only a few men had ever learned just how hellish and they never came back to tell about it. It was a real hell's Crossing, but someday, I thought, somebody would cross it.

I wanted to be along.

* * * * *

The Twilight Lab, near the northern pole of Mercury, was the obvious jumping-off place. The setup there wasn't very extensive—a rocket landing, the labs and quarters for Sanderson's crew sunk deep into the crust, and the tower that housed the Solar 'scope that Sanderson had built up there ten years before.

Twilight Lab wasn't particularly interested in the Brightside, of course—the Sun was Sanderson's baby and he'd picked Mercury as the closest chunk of rock to the Sun that could hold his observatory. He'd chosen a good location, too. On Mercury, the Brightside temperature hits 770° F. at perihelion and the Darkside runs pretty constant at -410° F. No permanent installation with a human crew could survive at either extreme. But with Mercury's wobble, the twilight zone between Brightside and Darkside offers something closer to survival temperatures.

Sanderson built the Lab up near the pole, where the zone is about five miles wide, so the temperature only varies 50 to 60 degrees with the libration. The Solar 'scope could take that much change and they'd get good clear observation of the Sun for about seventy out of the eighty-eight days it takes the planet to wheel around.

The Major was counting on Sanderson knowing something about Mercury as well as the Sun when we camped at the Lab to make final preparations.

Sanderson did. He thought we'd lost our minds and he said so, but he gave us all the help he could. He spent a week briefing Jack Stone, the third member of our party, who had arrived with the supplies and equipment a few days earlier. Poor Jack met us at the rocket landing almost bawling, Sanderson had given him such a gloomy picture of what Brightside was like.

Stone was a youngster—hardly twenty-five, I'd say—but he'd been with the

Major at Vulcan and had begged to join this trek. I had a funny feeling that Jack really didn't care for exploring too much, but he thought Mikuta was God, followed him around like a puppy.

It didn't matter to me as long as he knew what he was getting in for. You don't go asking people in this game why they do it—they're liable to get awfully uneasy and none of them can ever give you an answer that makes sense. Anyway, Stone had borrowed three men from the Lab, and had

the supplies and equipment all lined up when we got there, ready to check and test.

We dug right in. With plenty of funds—tri-V money and some government cash the Major had talked his way around—our equipment was new and good.

Mikuta had done the designing and testing himself, with a big assist from Sanderson. We had four Bugs, three of them the light pillow-tire models, with special lead-cooled cut-in engines when the heat set in, and one heavy-duty tractor model for pulling the sledges.

The Major went over them like a kid at the circus. Then he said, "Have you heard anything from Mclvers?"

"Who's he?" Stone wanted to know.

"He'll be joining us. He's a good man—got quite a name for climbing, back home." The Major turned to me. "You've probably heard of him."

I'd heard plenty of stories about Ted Mclvers and I wasn't too happy to hear that he was joining us. "Kind of a daredevil, isn't he?"

"Maybe. He's lucky and skillful. Where do you draw the line? We'll need plenty of both."

"Have you ever worked with him?" I asked.

"No. Are you worried?"

"Not exactly. But Brightside is no place to count on luck."

The Major laughed. "I don't think we need to worry about Mclvers. We understood each other when I talked up the trip to him and we're going

to need each other too much to do any fooling around.” He turned back to the supply list. “Meanwhile, let’s get this stuff listed and packed. We’ll need to cut weight sharply and our time is short. Sanderson says we should leave in three days.”

Two days later, McIvers hadn’t arrived. The Major didn’t say much about it. Stone was getting edgy and so was I. We spent the second day studying charts of the Brightside, such as they were. The best available were pretty poor, taken from so far out that the detail dissolved into blurs on blow-up. They showed the biggest ranges of peaks and craters and faults, and that was all. Still, we could use them to plan a broad outline of our course.

“This range here,” the Major said as we crowded around the board, “is largely inactive, according to Sanderson. But these to the south and west could be active. Seismograph tracings suggest a lot of activity in that region, getting worse down toward the equator—not only volcanic, but sub-surface shifting.”

Stone nodded. “Sanderson told me there was probably constant surface activity.”

The Major shrugged. “Well, it’s treacherous, there’s no doubt of it. But the only way to avoid it is to travel over the Pole, which would lose us days and offer us no guarantee of less activity to the west. Now we might avoid some if we could find a pass through this range and cut sharp east—”

It seemed that the more we considered the problem, the further we got from a solution. We knew there were active volcanoes on the Brightside—even on the Darkside, though surface activity there was pretty much slowed down and localized.

But there were problems of atmosphere on Brightside, as well. There was an atmosphere and a constant atmospheric flow from Brightside to Darkside. Not much—the lighter gases had reached escape velocity and disappeared from Brightside millennia ago—but there was CO₂, and nitrogen, and traces of other heavier gases. There was also an abundance of sulfur vapor, as well as carbon disulfide and sulfur dioxide.

The atmospheric tide moved toward the Darkside, where it condensed, carrying enough volcanic ash with it for Sanderson to estimate the depth and nature of the surface upheavals on Brightside from his samplings.

The trick was to find a passage that avoided those upheavals as far as possible. But in the final analysis, we were barely scraping the surface. The only way we would find out what was happening where was to be there.

Finally, on the third day, McIvers blew in on a freight rocket from Venus. He'd missed the ship that the Major and I had taken by a few hours, and had conned his way to Venus in hopes of getting a hop from there. He didn't seem too upset about it, as though this were his usual way of doing things and he couldn't see why everyone should get so excited.

He was a tall, rangy man with long, wavy hair prematurely gray, and the sort of eyes that looked like a climber's—half-closed, sleepy, almost indolent, but capable of abrupt alertness. And he never stood still; he was always moving, always doing something with his hands, or talking, or pacing about.

Evidently the Major decided not to press the issue of his arrival. There was still work to do, and an hour later we were running the final tests on the pressure suits. That evening, Stone and McIvers were thick as thieves, and everything was set for an early departure after we got some rest.

* * * * *

"And that," said Baron, finishing his drink and signaling the waiter for another pair, "was your first big mistake."

Peter Claney raised his eyebrows. "McIvers?"

"Of course."

Claney shrugged, glanced at the small quiet tables around them. "There are lots of bizarre personalities around a place like this, and some of the best wouldn't seem to be the most reliable at first glance. Anyway, personality problems weren't our big problem right then. _Equipment_ worried us first and _route_ next."

Baron nodded in agreement. "What kind of suits did you have?"

"The best insulating suits ever made," said Claney. "Each one had an inner lining of a fiberglass modification, to avoid the clumsiness of

asbestos, and carried the refrigerating unit and oxygen storage which we recharged from the sledges every eight hours. Outer layer carried a monomolecular chrome reflecting surface that made us glitter like Christmas trees. And we had a half-inch dead-air space under positive pressure between the two layers. Warning thermocouples, of course—at 770

degrees, it wouldn't take much time to fry us to cinders if the suits failed somewhere."

"How about the Bugs?"

"They were insulated, too, but we weren't counting on them too much for protection."

"You weren't!" Baron exclaimed. "Why not?"

"We'd be in and out of them too much. They gave us mobility and storage, but we knew we'd have to do a lot of forward work on foot." Claney smiled bitterly. "Which meant that we had an inch of fiberglass and a half-inch of dead air between us and a surface temperature where lead flowed like water and zinc was almost at melting point and the pools of sulfur in the shadows were boiling like oatmeal over a campfire."

Baron licked his lips. His fingers stroked the cool, wet glass as he set it down on the tablecloth.

"Go on," he said tautly. "You started on schedule?"

"Oh, yes," said Claney, "we started on schedule, all right. We just didn't quite end on schedule, that was all. But I'm getting to that."

He settled back in his chair and continued.

* * * * *

We jumped off from Twilight on a course due southeast with thirty days to make it to the Center of Brightside. If we could cross an average of seventy miles a day, we could hit Center exactly at perihelion, the point of Mercury's closest approach to the Sun—which made Center the hottest part of the planet at the hottest it ever gets.

The Sun was already huge and yellow over the horizon when we started, twice the size it appears on Earth. Every day that Sun would grow bigger and whiter, and every day the surface would get hotter. But once we

reached Center, the job was only half done—we would still have to travel another two thousand miles to the opposite twilight zone. Sanderson was to meet us on the other side in the Laboratory's scout ship, approximately sixty days from the time we jumped off.

That was the plan, in outline. It was up to us to cross those seventy miles a day, no matter how hot it became, no matter what terrain we had to cross. Detours would be dangerous and time-consuming. Delays could cost us our lives. We all knew that.

The Major briefed us on details an hour before we left. "Peter, you'll take the lead Bug, the small one we stripped down for you. Stone and I will flank you on either side, giving you a hundred-yard lead. McIvers, you'll have the job of dragging the sledges, so we'll have to direct your course pretty closely. Peter's job is to pick the passage at any given point. If there's any doubt of safe passage, we'll all explore ahead on foot before we risk the Bugs. Got that?"

McIvers and Stone exchanged glances. McIvers said: "Jack and I were planning to change around. We figured he could take the sledges. That would give me a little more mobility."

The Major looked up sharply at Stone. "Do you buy that, Jack?"

Stone shrugged. "I don't mind. Mac wanted—"

McIvers made an impatient gesture with his hands. "It doesn't matter. I just feel better when I'm on the move. Does it make any difference?"

"I guess it doesn't," said the Major. "Then you'll flank Peter along with me. Right?"

"Sure, sure." McIvers pulled at his lower lip. "Who's going to do the advance scouting?"

"It sounds like I am," I cut in. "We want to keep the lead Bug light as possible."

Mikuta nodded. "That's right. Peter's Bug is stripped down to the frame and wheels."

McIvers shook his head. "No, I mean the advance work. You need somebody out ahead—four or five miles, at least—to pick up the big flaws and active surface changes, don't you?" He stared at the Major. "I mean,

how can we tell what sort of a hole we may be moving into, unless we have a scout up ahead?"

"That's what we have the charts for," the Major said sharply.

"Charts! I'm talking about _detail_ work. We don't need to worry about the major topography. It's the little faults you can't see on the pictures that can kill us." He tossed the charts down excitedly. "Look, let me take a Bug out ahead and work reconnaissance, keep five, maybe ten miles ahead of the column. I can stay on good solid ground, of course, but scan the area closely and radio back to Peter where to avoid the flaws. Then—"

"No dice," the Major broke in.

"But why not? We could save ourselves days!"

"I don't care what we could save. We stay together. When we get to the Center, I want live men along with me. That means we stay within easy sight of each other at all times. Any climber knows that everybody is safer in a party than one man alone—any time, any place."

Mclvers stared at him, his cheeks an angry red. Finally he gave a sullen nod. "Okay. If you say so."

"Well, I say so and I mean it. I don't want any fancy stuff. We're going to hit Center together, and finish the Crossing together. Got that?"

Mclvers nodded. Mikuta then looked at Stone and me and we nodded, too.

"All right," he said slowly. "Now that we've got it straight, let's go."

It was hot. If I forget everything else about that trek, I'll never forget that huge yellow Sun glaring down, without a break, hotter and hotter with every mile. We knew that the first few days would be the easiest and we were rested and fresh when we started down the long ragged gorge southeast of the Twilight Lab.

I moved out first; back over my shoulder, I could see the Major and Mclvers crawling out behind me, their pillow tires taking the rugged floor of the gorge smoothly. Behind them, Stone dragged the sledges.

Even at only 30 per cent Earth gravity they were a strain on the big

tractor, until the ski-blades bit into the fluffy volcanic ash blanketing the valley. We even had a path to follow for the first twenty miles.

I kept my eyes pasted to the big polaroid binocs, picking out the track the early research teams had made out into the edge of Brightside. But in a couple of hours we rumbled past Sanderson's little outpost observatory and the tracks stopped. We were in virgin territory and already the Sun was beginning to bite.

We didn't feel the heat so much those first days out. We saw it. The refrigerating units kept our skins at a nice comfortable seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit inside our suits, but our eyes watched that glaring Sun and the baked yellow rocks going past, and some nerve pathways got twisted up, somehow. We poured sweat as if we were in a superheated furnace.

We drove eight hours and slept five. When a sleep period came due, we pulled the Bugs together into a square, threw up a light aluminum sun-shield and lay out in the dust and rocks. The sun-shield cut the temperature down sixty or seventy degrees, for whatever help that was. And then we ate from the forward sledge—sucking through tubes—protein, carbohydrates, bulk gelatin, vitamins.

The Major measured water out with an iron hand, because we'd have drunk ourselves into nephritis in a week otherwise. We were constantly, unceasingly thirsty. Ask the physiologists and psychiatrists why—they can give you have a dozen interesting reasons—but all we knew, or cared about, was that it happened to be so.

We didn't sleep the first few stops, as a consequence. Our eyes burned in spite of the filters and we had roaring headaches, but we couldn't sleep them off. We sat around looking at each other. Then McIvers would say how good a beer would taste, and off we'd go. We'd have murdered our grandmothers for one ice-cold bottle of beer.

After a few driving periods, I began to get my bearings at the wheel. We were moving down into desolation that made Earth's old Death Valley look like a Japanese rose garden. Huge sun-baked cracks opened up in the floor of the gorge, with black cliffs jutting up on either side; the air was filled with a barely visible yellowish mist of sulfur and sulfurous gases.

It was a hot, barren hole, no place for any man to go, but the challenge was so powerful you could almost feel it. No one had ever crossed this land before and escaped. Those who had tried it had been cruelly punished, but the land was still there, so it had to be crossed. Not the easy way. It had to be crossed the hardest way possible: overland, through anything the land could throw up to us, at the most difficult time possible.

Yet we knew that even the land might have been conquered before, except for that Sun. We'd fought absolute cold before and won. We'd never fought heat like this and won. The only worse heat in the Solar System was the surface of the Sun itself.

Brightside was worth trying for. We would get it or it would get us. That was the bargain.

I learned a lot about Mercury those first few driving periods. The gorge petered out after a hundred miles and we moved onto the slope of a range of ragged craters that ran south and east. This range had shown no activity since the first landing on Mercury forty years before, but beyond it there were active cones. Yellow fumes rose from the craters constantly; their sides were shrouded with heavy ash.

We couldn't detect a wind, but we knew there was a hot, sulfurous breeze sweeping in great continental tides across the face of the planet. Not enough for erosion, though. The craters rose up out of jagged gorges, huge towering spears of rock and rubble. Below were the vast yellow flatlands, smoking and hissing from the gases beneath the crust. Over everything was gray dust—silicates and salts, pumice and limestone and granite ash, filling crevices and declivities—offering a soft, treacherous surface for the Bug's pillow tires.

I learned to read the ground, to tell a covered fault by the sag of the dust; I learned to spot a passable crack, and tell it from an impassable cut. Time after time the Bugs ground to a halt while we explored a passage on foot, tied together with light copper cable, digging, advancing, digging some more until we were sure the surface would carry the machines. It was cruel work; we slept in exhaustion. But it went smoothly, at first.

Too smoothly, it seemed to me, and the others seemed to think so, too.

Mclvers' restlessness was beginning to grate on our nerves. He talked too much, while we were resting or while we were driving; wisecracks, witticisms, unfunny jokes that wore thin with repetition. He took to making side trips from the route now and then, never far, but a little further each time.

Jack Stone reacted quite the opposite; he grew quieter with each stop, more reserved and apprehensive. I didn't like it, but I figured that it would pass off after a while. I was apprehensive enough myself; I just managed to hide it better.

And every mile the Sun got bigger and whiter and higher in the sky and hotter. Without our ultra-violet screens and glare filters we would have been blinded; as it was our eyes ached constantly and the skin on our faces itched and tingled at the end of an eight-hour trek.

But it took one of those side trips of Mclvers' to deliver the penultimate blow to our already fraying nerves. He had driven down a side-branch of a long canyon running off west of our route and was almost out of sight in a cloud of ash when we heard a sharp cry through our earphones.

I wheeled my Bug around with my heart in my throat and spotted him through the binocs, waving frantically from the top of his machine. The Major and I took off, lumbering down the gulch after him as fast as the Bugs could go, with a thousand horrible pictures racing through our minds....

We found him standing stock-still, pointing down the gorge and, for once, he didn't have anything to say. It was the wreck of a Bug; an old-fashioned half-track model of the sort that hadn't been in use for years. It was wedged tight in a cut in the rock, an axle broken, its casing split wide open up the middle, half-buried in a rock slide. A dozen feet away were two insulated suits with white bones gleaming through the fiberglass helmets.

This was as far as Wyatt and Carpenter had gotten on _their_ Brightside Crossing.

* * * * *

On the fifth driving period out, the terrain began to change. It looked the same, but every now and then it _felt_ different. On two occasions I felt my wheels spin, with a howl of protest from my engine. Then, quite

suddenly, the Bug gave a lurch; I gunned my motor and nothing happened.

I could see the dull gray stuff seeping up around the hubs, thick and tenacious, splattering around in steaming gobs as the wheels spun. I knew what had happened the moment the wheels gave and, a few minutes

later, they chained me to the tractor and dragged me back out of the mire. It looked for all the world like thick gray mud, but it was a pit of molten lead, steaming under a soft layer of concealing ash.

I picked my way more cautiously then. We were getting into an area of recent surface activity; the surface was really treacherous. I caught myself wishing that the Major had okayed McIvers' scheme for an advanced

scout; more dangerous for the individual, maybe, but I was driving blind now and I didn't like it.

One error in judgment could sink us all, but I wasn't thinking much about the others. I was worried about _me_, plenty worried. I kept thinking, better McIvers should go than me. It wasn't healthy thinking and I knew it, but I couldn't get the thought out of my mind.

It was a grueling eight hours and we slept poorly. Back in the Bug again, we moved still more slowly—edging out on a broad flat plateau, dodging a network of gaping surface cracks—winding back and forth in an effort to keep the machines on solid rock. I couldn't see far ahead, because of the yellow haze rising from the cracks, so I was almost on top of it when I saw a sharp cut ahead where the surface dropped six feet beyond a deep crack.

I let out a shout to halt the others; then I edged my Bug forward, peering at the cleft. It was deep and wide. I moved fifty yards to the left, then back to the right.

There was only one place that looked like a possible crossing; a long, narrow ledge of gray stuff that lay down across a section of the fault like a ramp. Even as I watched it, I could feel the surface crust under the Bug trembling and saw the ledge shift over a few feet.

The Major's voice sounded in my ears. "How about it, Peter?"

"I don't know. This crust is on roller skates," I called back.

“How about that ledge?”

I hesitated. “I’m scared of it, Major. Let’s backtrack and try to find a way around.”

There was a roar of disgust in my earphones and Mclvers’ Bug suddenly lurched forward. It rolled down past me, picked up speed, with Mclvers hunched behind the wheel like a race driver. He was heading past me straight for the gray ledge.

My shout caught in my throat; I heard the Major take a huge breath and roar: “Mac! _stop that thing_, you fool!” and then Mclvers’ Bug was out on the ledge, lumbering across like a juggernaut.

The ledge jolted as the tires struck it; for a horrible moment, it seemed to be sliding out from under the machine. And then the Bug was across in a cloud of dust, and I heard Mclvers’ voice in my ears, shouting in glee. “Come on, you slowpokes. It’ll hold you!”

Something unprintable came through the earphones as the Major drew up alongside me and moved his Bug out on the ledge slowly and over to the other side. Then he said, “Take it slow, Peter. Then give Jack a hand with the sledges.” His voice sounded tight as a wire.

Ten minutes later, we were on the other side of the cleft. The Major checked the whole column; then he turned on Mclvers angrily. “One more trick like that,” he said, “and I’ll strap you to a rock and leave you. Do you understand me? _One more time_—”

Mclvers’ voice was heavy with protest. “Good Lord, if we leave it up to Claney, he’ll have us out here forever! Any blind fool could see that that ledge would hold.”

“_I_ saw it moving,” I shot back at him.

“All right, all right, so you’ve got good eyes. Why all the fuss? We got across, didn’t we? But I say we’ve got to have a little nerve and use it once in a while if we’re ever going to get across this lousy hotbox.”

“We need to use a little judgment, too,” the Major snapped. “All right, let’s roll. But if you think I was joking, you just try me out once.” He let it soak in for a minute. Then he geared his Bug on around to my flank again.

At the stopover, the incident wasn't mentioned again, but the Major drew me aside just as I was settling down for sleep. "Peter, I'm worried," he said slowly.

"McIvers? Don't worry. He's not as reckless as he seems—just impatient. We are over a hundred miles behind schedule and we're moving awfully slow. We only made forty miles this last drive."

The Major shook his head. "I don't mean McIvers. I mean the kid."

"Jack? What about him?"

"Take a look."

Stone was shaking. He was over near the tractor—away from the rest of us—and he was lying on his back, but he wasn't asleep. His whole body was shaking, convulsively. I saw him grip an outcropping of rock hard.

I walked over and sat down beside him. "Get your water all right?" I said.

He didn't answer. He just kept on shaking.

"Hey, boy," I said. "What's the trouble?"

"It's hot," he said, choking out the words.

"Sure it's hot, but don't let it throw you. We're in really good shape."

"_We're not_, " he snapped. "We're in rotten shape, if you ask me. _We're not going to make it_, do you know that? That crazy fool's going to kill us for sure—" All of a sudden, he was bawling like a baby. "I'm scared—I shouldn't be here—I'm _scared_. What am I trying to prove by coming out here, for God's sake? I'm some kind of hero or something? I tell you I'm scared—"

"Look," I said. "Mikuta's scared, _I'm_ scared. So what? We'll make it, don't worry. And nobody's trying to be a hero."

"Nobody but Hero Stone," he said bitterly. He shook himself and gave a tight little laugh. "Some hero, eh?"

"We'll make it," I said.

“Sure,” he said finally. “Sorry. I’ll be okay.”

I rolled over, but waited until he was good and quiet. Then I tried to sleep, but I didn’t sleep too well. I kept thinking about that ledge. I’d known from the look of it what it was; a zinc slough of the sort Sanderson had warned us about, a wide sheet of almost pure zinc that had been thrown up white-hot from below, quite recently, just waiting for oxygen or sulfur to rot it through.

I knew enough about zinc to know that at these temperatures it gets brittle as glass. Take a chance like Mclvers had taken and the whole sheet could snap like a dry pine board. And it wasn’t Mclvers’ fault that it hadn’t.

Five hours later, we were back at the wheel. We were hardly moving at all. The ragged surface was almost impassable—great jutting rocks peppered the plateau; ledges crumbled the moment my tires touched them; long, open canyons turned into lead-mires or sulfur pits.

A dozen times I climbed out of the Bug to prod out an uncertain area with my boots and pikestaff. Whenever I did, Mclvers piled out behind me, running ahead like a schoolboy at the fair, then climbing back again red-faced and panting, while we moved the machines ahead another mile or two.

Time was pressing us now and Mclvers wouldn’t let me forget it. We had made only about three hundred twenty miles in six driving periods, so we were about a hundred miles or even more behind schedule.

“We’re not going to make it,” Mclvers would complain angrily. “That Sun’s going to be out to aphelion by the time we hit the Center—”

“Sorry, but I can’t take it any faster,” I told him. I was getting good and mad. I knew what he wanted, but didn’t dare let him have it. I was scared enough pushing the Bug out on those ledges, even knowing that at least I was making the decisions. Put him in the lead and we wouldn’t last for eight hours. Our nerves wouldn’t take it, at any rate, even if the machines would.

Jack Stone looked up from the aluminum chart sheets. “Another hundred miles and we should hit a good stretch,” he said. “Maybe we can make up

distance there for a couple of days.”

The Major agreed, but McIvers couldn't hold his impatience. He kept staring up at the Sun as if he had a personal grudge against it and stamped back and forth under the sunshield. “That'll be just fine,” he said. “_If_ we ever get that far, that is.”

We dropped it there, but the Major stopped me as we climbed aboard for the next run. “That guy's going to blow wide open if we don't move faster, Peter. I don't want him in the lead, no matter what happens. He's right though, about the need to make better time. Keep your head, but crowd your luck a little, okay?”

“I'll try,” I said. It was asking the impossible and Mikuta knew it. We were on a long downward slope that shifted and buckled all around us, as though there were a molten underlay beneath the crust; the slope was broken by huge crevasses, partly covered with dust and zinc sheeting, like a vast glacier of stone and metal. The outside temperature registered 547° F. and getting hotter. It was no place to start rushing ahead.

I tried it anyway. I took half a dozen shaky passages, edging slowly out on flat zinc ledges, then toppling over and across. It seemed easy for a while and we made progress. We hit an even stretch and raced ahead. And then I quickly jumped on my brakes and jerked the Bug to a halt in a cloud of dust.

I'd gone too far. We were out on a wide, flat sheet of gray stuff, apparently solid—until I'd suddenly caught sight of the crevasse beneath in the corner of my eye. It was an overhanging shell that trembled under me as I stopped.

McIvers' voice was in my ear. “What's the trouble now, Claney?”

“Move back!” I shouted. “It can't hold us!”

“Looks solid enough from here.”

“You want to argue about it? It's too thin, it'll snap. Move back!”

I started edging back down the ledge. I heard McIvers swear; then I saw his Bug start to creep outward on the shelf. Not fast or reckless, this time, but slowly, churning up dust in a gentle cloud behind him.

I just stared and felt the blood rush to my head. It seemed so hot I could hardly breathe as he edged out beyond me, further and further—

I think I felt it snap before I saw it. My own machine gave a sickening lurch and a long black crack appeared across the shelf—and widened. Then

the ledge began to upend. I heard a scream as McIvers' Bug rose up and up and then crashed down into the crevasse in a thundering slide of rock and shattered metal.

I just stared for a full minute, I think. I couldn't move until I heard Jack Stone groan and the Major shouting, "Claney! I couldn't see—what _happened_?"

"It snapped on him, that's what happened," I roared. I gunned my motor, edged forward toward the fresh broken edge of the shelf. The crevasse gaped; I couldn't see any sign of the machine. Dust was still billowing up blindingly from below.

We stood staring down, the three of us. I caught a glimpse of Jack Stone's face through his helmet. It wasn't pretty.

"Well," said the Major heavily, "that's that."

"I guess so." I felt the way Stone looked.

"Wait," said Stone. "I heard something."

He had. It was a cry in the earphones—faint, but unmistakable.

"Mac!" The Major called. "Mac, can you hear me?"

"Yeah, yeah. I can hear you." The voice was very weak.

"Are you all right?"

"I don't know. Broken leg, I think. It's—hot." There was a long pause. Then: "I think my cooler's gone out."

The Major shot me a glance, then turned to Stone. "Get a cable from the second sledge fast. He'll fry alive if we don't get him out of there. Peter, I need you to lower me. Use the tractor winch."

I lowered him; he stayed down only a few moments. When I hauled him up, his face was drawn. "Still alive," he panted. "He won't be very long, though." He hesitated for just an instant. "We've got to make a try."

"I don't like this ledge," I said. "It's moved twice since I got out. Why not back off and lower him a cable?"

"No good. The Bug is smashed and he's inside it. We'll need torches and I'll need one of you to help." He looked at me and then gave Stone a long look. "Peter, you'd better come."

"Wait," said Stone. His face was very white. "Let me go down with you."

"Peter is lighter."

"I'm not so heavy. Let me go down."

"Okay, if that's the way you want it." The Major tossed him a torch. "Peter, check these hitches and lower us slowly. If you see any kind of trouble, anything, cast yourself free and back off this thing, do you understand? This whole ledge may go."

I nodded. "Good luck."

They went over the ledge. I let the cable down bit by bit until it hit two hundred feet and slacked off.

"How does it look?" I shouted.

"Bad," said the Major. "We'll have to work fast. This whole side of the crevasse is ready to crumble. Down a little more."

Minutes passed without a sound. I tried to relax, but I couldn't. Then I felt the ground shift, and the tractor lurched to the side.

The Major shouted, "It's going, Peter—pull back!" and I threw the tractor into reverse, jerked the controls as the tractor rumbled off the shelf. The cable snapped, coiled up in front like a broken clockspring. The whole surface under me was shaking wildly now; ash rose in huge gray clouds. Then, with a roar, the whole shelf lurched and slid sideways. It teetered on the edge for seconds before it crashed into the crevasse, tearing the side wall down with it in a mammoth slide. I jerked the

tractor to a halt as the dust and flame billowed up.

They were gone—all three of them, McIvers and the Major and Jack Stone—buried under a thousand tons of rock and zinc and molten lead. There wasn't any danger of anybody ever finding their bones.

* * * * *

Peter Claney leaned back, finishing his drink, rubbing his scarred face as he looked across at Baron.

Slowly, Baron's grip relaxed on the chair arm. “_You_ got back,” he said.

Claney nodded. “I got back, sure. I had the tractor and the sledges. I had seven days to drive back under that yellow Sun. I had plenty of time to think.”

“You took the wrong man along,” Baron said. “That was your mistake. Without him you would have made it.”

“Never.” Claney shook his head. “That's what I was thinking the first day or so—that it was _McIvers'_ fault, that _he_ was to blame. But that isn't true. He was wild, reckless and had lots of nerve.”

“But his judgment was bad!”

“It couldn't have been sounder. We had to keep to our schedule even if it killed us, because it would positively kill us if we didn't.”

“But a man like that—”

“A man like McIvers was necessary. Can't you see that? It was the Sun that beat us, that surface. Perhaps we were licked the very day we started.” Claney leaned across the table, his eyes pleading. “We didn't realize that, but it was _true_. There are places that men can't go, conditions men can't tolerate. The others had to die to learn that. I was lucky, I came back. But I'm trying to tell you what I found out—that _nobody_ will ever make a Brightside Crossing.”

“We will,” said Baron. “It won't be a picnic, but we'll make it.”

“But suppose you do,” said Claney, suddenly. “Suppose I'm all wrong, suppose you _do_ make it. Then what? _What comes next?_ ”

"The Sun," said Baron.

Claney nodded slowly. "Yes. That would be it, wouldn't it?" He laughed. "Good-by, Baron. Jolly talk and all that. Thanks for listening."

Baron caught his wrist as he started to rise. "Just one question more, Claney. Why did you come here?"

"To try to talk you out of killing yourself," said Claney.

"You're a liar," said Baron.

Claney stared down at him for a long moment. Then he crumpled in the chair. There was defeat in his pale blue eyes and something else.

"Well?"

Peter Claney spread his hands, a helpless gesture. "When do you leave, Baron? I want you to take me along."

Transcriber's Note

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The Tempest

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The Magician's Isle

There was once a lonely island far away in the midst of a wide sea. Only four beings lived on this island: an elderly man called Prospero, noble, grave and learned; his daughter Miranda; and two attendants. One of these attendants was a beautiful and dainty spirit called Ariel, the other a sullen monster called Caliban. For Prospero had more than worldly learning; he knew the art of magic, and by his mighty spells he could control not only the spirits of light and darkness, but also the forces of Nature.

No travellers ever came to the island, and since the day when Miranda had been brought thither, a little baby girl, she had never seen the face of any man except her father. Peacefully the years slipped by, and Miranda had grown into a beautiful young maiden, when one day a terrible storm of thunder and lightning burst over the island. In the midst of the tempest a noble vessel seemed to be sinking, and Miranda ran to entreat her father that, if by his magic arts he had put the waves into such an uproar, he would now allay them.

"Be comforted, dear child; there is no harm done," said her father. "What I have done is only in care for you, and I have so safely ordered this wreck that not a hair of anyone on board shall suffer hurt. Until now we have lived peacefully in this little spot, and you know nothing of what you are, nor that I am anything more than Prospero, the master of a poor enough cell, and your father."

"It never entered into my thoughts to inquire further," said Miranda.

"The time has come when you must know everything," said Prospero; and laying aside his magic mantle, he bade his daughter sit down beside him, and then he told her the story of their life.

"Can you remember a time before we came to this island?" he began. "I do not think you can, for you were then only a few years old."

"Certainly I can," replied Miranda. "It is far off, and more like

a dream than a remembrance. Had I not four or five women once that waited on me?"

"You had, Miranda, and more. Twelve years ago your father was the Duke of Milan, and a Prince of power."

"Oh, heaven! what foul play had we that we came from thence? Or was it a blessing that we did?"

"Both, both, my girl. By foul play, as you say, were we driven from Milan, but blessedly helped thither. In those days Milan was the first State in Italy, and everywhere renowned for its splendour. I had so great a love for art and learning that I devoted much of my time to study, and left the government of the State to my brother Antonio, whom I loved best in the world and trusted beyond measure. But he was false to the confidence reposed in him, and soon began to think that he was Duke in reality. He therefore entered into a plot with an inveterate enemy of mine, Alonso, King of Naples, and by promise of a large bribe obtained his assistance. A treacherous army was levied, and one midnight Antonio opened the gates of Milan to the King of Naples. In the dead of darkness you and I were seized and hurried away. So great was the love borne me by my people that the traitors dared not kill us, but we were cast adrift in a rotten boat, without sail, mast, or tackle. By the kindness of a noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, rich stuffs, foods, and necessities, had been placed in the boat, together with many valuable books from my library, which I prize more than my dukedom. The waves bore us to this island, and here we have lived ever since, and I have given such care to your teaching that you know more than many other Princesses with more leisure time and less careful tutors."

"Heaven thank you for it, dear father!" said Miranda. "And now, I pray you, tell me your reason for raising this storm."

By his magic art, Prospero replied, he knew that by chance his enemies had come near the island, and unless he seized this happy moment his fortunes would droop, never to recover.

"But ask no more questions, Miranda," he ended. "You are weary; rest here and sleep a little."

As soon as Miranda was asleep, Prospero summoned his dainty and nimble little sprite, Ariel, and asked whether he had performed his bidding.

"In every particular," replied Ariel; and he told his master how, in the guise of a flame, he had danced all over the storm-driven ship till the whole vessel seemed on fire, and every one on board except the mariners had plunged affrighted into the sea.

"But are they safe, Ariel?"

"Not a hair perished, not a thread of their garments hurt. I have scattered them in troops about the island, as you bade me. The King of Naples' son, Ferdinand, I have landed by himself, and now he is sitting and sighing alone in an odd corner of the isle."

"And the King's ship?"

"Safely in harbour, hidden in a deep nook. The mariners, already weary with their labour, I have charmed away to sleep. The rest of the fleet which I scattered have now all met again, and are in the Mediterranean, bound sadly home for Naples. They believe that they have seen the King's ship wrecked, and that all on board have perished."

Prospero was much pleased with the way Ariel had performed his charge, but he said there was still some further work to do. He promised that if all went well Ariel in two days should be set free from service, and henceforward should be his own master. He bade Ariel now take a new shape--that of a nymph of the sea, invisible to all but his own master. In this guise Ariel approached the young Prince of Naples, and began to sing in the sweetest fashion:

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones a'e coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them, ding-dong, bell."

Lured by the sound of this sweet singing, which came he knew not whence, Ferdinand followed the unseen Ariel into the presence of Prospero and Miranda.

Now, excepting her father, Miranda had never seen a man, and at first

she did not know what Ferdinand was.

"Is it a spirit, father?" she asked.

"No, child; it eats and sleeps, and has the same senses that we have. This gallant whom you see was in the wreck, and except that his handsome face is somewhat worn with grief and trouble, you might call him a goodly person. He has lost his companions, and wanders about to find them."

"I might call him a thing divine," replied Miranda warmly, "for I never saw anything so noble."

Ferdinand, in his turn, was equally enchanted with the sight of Miranda, and declared on the spot that, if there were no one else whom she already loved, he would make her Queen of Naples.

Prospero was delighted with the way matters were going, for it was his desire that the young people should love each other; but fearing that a prize so easily won would be held too light, he began to throw some difficulties in the way. He pretended to believe that Ferdinand was not really a King's son, and had come to the island as a spy. He declared he would put him into fetters, and give him only the coarsest food to eat. In vain Miranda implored her father to treat the young Prince less harshly. Prospero told her to be silent, and roughly bade Ferdinand to follow him.

The Prince was naturally indignant at such uncourteous treatment, and hastily drew his sword in defiance. But Prospero threw a sudden spell over the young man, and he stood motionless, unable to stir.

"What? Put thy sword up, traitor!" commanded Prospero sternly.

And Ferdinand, feeling himself powerless to resist, and happy that in his prison he should at least have the pleasure of beholding the beautiful maiden who had so kindly pleaded for him, followed obediently when the magician again summoned him.

The Shipwrecked Wanderers

Meanwhile the rest of the royal party who had plunged into the sea from the King's ship were wandering in another part of the island. Among them were Alonso, King of Naples, and his brother Sebastian;

Antonio, the usurping Duke of Milan; Gonzalo, an honest old counsellor of the King of Naples, with Adrian and Francisco, two of his lords.

[Illustration: "What? Put thy sword up, traitor."]

Exhausted with the labour they had undergone, the whole party, with the exception of Sebastian and Antonio, presently fell asleep. Antonio, not content with having driven his own brother from the dukedom of Milan, now began to suggest treachery to Sebastian, the brother of the King of Naples. Ferdinand, the son of the King of Naples, he said, must certainly have been drowned, his only daughter, Claribel, was married, and far away in Africa--in fact, they were at this moment on their way home from her wedding festivities--there was therefore no near heir to the throne of Naples. Antonio suggested that Sebastian should seize the kingdom of Naples, as he himself had usurped that of Milan. He pointed out how easy it would be to slay King Alonso as he lay there asleep; in fact, he offered to do the deed himself, while Sebastian at the same moment was to put an end to the faithful Gonzalo. The other lords would offer no resistance, but would willingly agree to any suggestions made to them.

Sebastian was only too ready to fall in with this wicked scheme, but in the meanwhile, invisible to them, Ariel came near, and at the very moment when the traitors had drawn their swords and were about to kill Alonso and Gonzalo he sang in the ear of the latter and awakened him.

"Good angels save the King!" cried Gonzalo; and Alonso started awake at the shout.

"Why! how now? Ho, awake!" cried the King. "Why are your swords drawn?
Why do you look so ghastly?"

"What's the matter?" added Gonzalo, still dazed with sleep.

"While we stood here guarding your repose just now," said Sebastian, with a ready lie, "we heard a hollow burst of bellowing like bulls, or, rather, lions. Did it not wake you? It struck my ear most terribly."

"I heard nothing," said the King.

"Oh, it was din enough to frighten a monster--to make an earthquake!" said Antonio. "Surely it was the roar of a whole herd of lions."

“Did you hear this, Gonzalo?” asked the King.

“Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming, and that a strange one, too, which wakened me. I shook you, sir, and cried out. As my eyes opened I saw their weapons. There certainly was a noise. We had better stand on guard, or leave this place. Let us draw our weapons.”

“Lead away from here,” commanded the King. “Let us make further search for my poor son.”

“Heaven keep him from these beasts!” said Gonzalo. “For he is surely in the island.”

“Lead away,” repeated Alonso.

“Prospero shall know what I have done,” said Ariel, as Alonso and his companions started again on their wanderings. “Go, King--go safely on to seek thy son.”

The King's Son

Prospero, in order to carry out his plans, pretended to be very harsh and severe with the young Prince of Naples, and he set him a heavy task--to remove and pile up some thousands of logs. For the sake of the love he already bore to Miranda, Ferdinand obeyed patiently, and it sweetened and refreshed his labour to see how distressed the gentle maiden was at the sight of his toil.

“Alas! I pray you, do not work so hard,” entreated Miranda, as she met him bearing a log. “I would the lightning had burnt up all these logs! Pray set that down and rest you. My father is hard at study: pray, now, rest yourself; he is safe for the next three hours.”

“Oh, most dear lady!” said Ferdinand, “the sun will set before I can finish what I must strive to do.”

“If you will sit down,” said Miranda, “I will carry your logs the while. Pray give me that; I will carry it to the pile.”

“No, dear lady, I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, than that you should undergo such dishonour while I sit lazy by.”

"It would become me as well as it does you," said Miranda, "and I would do it the more easily, because I want to do it and you do not. You look weary."

"No, noble lady; when you are near me the night becomes fresh morning," said Ferdinand. "I do beseech you--chiefly that I may set it in my prayers--what is your name?"

"Miranda."

"Admired Miranda! Dearest name in the world!" cried Ferdinand. "Many gentle ladies I have been pleased to see and to talk with, and I have liked different women for different virtues; but never until now have I found one without some defect. But you--oh, you, so perfect and so peerless!--are created the best of every creature!"

"I do not know any other woman," said Miranda simply. "I remember no woman's face save, from my glass, mine own. Nor have I seen others that I may call men, except you, good friend, and my dear father. I do not know what they may be like, but, in simple truth, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can I imagine anyone whose look I would like better. But I prattle too wildly, and in that forget my father's precepts."

[Illustration: "I love and honour you beyond all limit."]

"In rank I am a Prince, Miranda," said Ferdinand, "I think a King: would it were not so!" For he thought his father had perished with the ship. "I would not for one moment endure this slavery if it were not for you. The very instant I saw you my heart flew to your service, and for your sake I carry these logs patiently."

"Do you love me?"

"By heaven and earth, I love, prize, and honour you beyond all limit of everything else in the world!"

Miranda's eyes filled with tears of joy.

"I am foolish to weep for what I am glad of," she whispered.

"Why do you weep?" said Ferdinand.

"Because I am unworthy to offer the love I desire to give," said

Miranda, "much less to take what I shall die for if I do not have. I am your wife if you will marry me; if not, I'll die a maid. You may refuse to have me as your companion, but I'll be your servant, whether you will or no."

"My Queen, dearest, and I thus humble ever," said Ferdinand, kneeling before her.

"My husband, then?"

"Ay, with a heart as willing as freedom after bondage:
here's my hand."

"And mine, with my heart in it. And now, till half an hour hence,
farewell!"

"A thousand thousand!" cried Ferdinand; and so they parted.

Unseen by the young lovers, Prospero, in his cell, had listened to all that passed, and his rejoicing was scarcely less than theirs to find that his schemes were working so well. But he had still much to do before supper-time, and he now returned to his books.

Mysterious Music

While Antonio and Sebastian were discussing their scheme to murder the King of Naples, another band of wretched creatures was plotting mischief against the lord of the island. When Prospero had first come to this island, he found it inhabited by a hideous young monster called Caliban, the son of a wicked witch who had been banished there from her own country. This witch--Sycorax--had for servant the dainty sprite Ariel, and because Ariel refused to obey her evil commands she imprisoned him as a punishment in the trunk of a cloven pine-tree. Here Ariel abode in torment and misery for twelve years, during which time Sycorax died, and left her son Caliban as the only inhabitant of the island.

Prospero, on his arrival, set Ariel free, and took him into his own service, and, pitying the young Caliban, he at first tried by kindness to tame his savage nature. But all his efforts were useless. Caliban hated everything good, and repaid Prospero's kindness with malice and evil doing. Prospero found that gentle means were of no avail, and that the only way in which to keep Caliban in order was to treat him with stern severity. For this Caliban hated his master, and was always

longing to be revenged on him.

Among those saved from the King's ship were two worthless scamps--Trinculo, a jester, and Stephano, a drunken butler. Caliban, meeting them by chance, immediately begged to become their servant, hoping by this means to escape from Prospero. He further offered to lead them to where Prospero lay asleep, so that they might kill the magician. It was agreed that Stephano was then to marry Miranda, and become the lord of the island, and Caliban was to be his servant.

While they were talking, Ariel entered, invisible. He listened to their plots, and amused himself by speaking a few words every now and then, which soon set the conspirators quarrelling, for they none of them knew where the voice came from, and thought it was one of themselves mocking the others. Finally Ariel began to play mysterious music on a pipe and tabor. Stephano and Trinculo were greatly alarmed, but Caliban soothed them, saying that the island was full of noises and sweet sounds which gave delight and did no hurt.

"Sometimes a thousand instruments will hum about mine ears," he said, "and sometimes voices, which, if I awake after a long sleep, will make me sleep again. Then in dreams the clouds seem to open and show riches ready to drop on me, so that when I awake I cry to dream again."

"This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing," said Stephano.

"When Prospero is destroyed," put in Caliban.

"That shall be at once," replied Stephano.

"The sound is going away; let us follow it, and do our work afterwards," said Trinculo.

"Go on, monster; we will follow," said Stephano to Caliban. "I would I could see this taborer; he plays bravely."

So with his mysterious music Ariel lured the three villains away. He led them a pretty dance, through briars, sharp furze, prickly gorse, and thorns, which ran into their poor shins; and finally he left them in the filthy water of a stagnant pool, not far from Prospero's cell.

* * * * *

In the meanwhile Alonso, King of Naples, and his party were still wandering about the island; but by-and-by they grew so weary that poor old Gonzalo declared he could go no further.

"I cannot blame you," said King Alonso, "for I myself am dull with weariness. Sit down and rest. Now here I give up hope that I shall ever see my son again. He is drowned, and the sea mocks our useless search on land."

The traitor Antonio was delighted to see that the King had lost all hope, and he begged Sebastian not to give up their wicked scheme because it had been once repulsed.

"The next advantage we will take thoroughly," Sebastian whispered back to Antonio.

"Let it be to-night," said Antonio, "for now they are so worn out with travel they will not and cannot use such vigilance as when they are fresh."

"I say to-night," agreed Sebastian. "No more."

At that moment strange and solemn music was heard.

"What harmony is this?" said the King. "Hark, my good friends!"

"Marvellous sweet music!" said Gonzalo.

Unseen by them, Prospero entered, and by his magic art he caused a number of strange and grotesque figures to appear, who brought in a banquet. After dancing round it with gentle actions of greeting, and inviting the King and his companions to eat, they disappeared.

"Give us kind keepers, heaven! What were these?" exclaimed the startled King.

"If I reported this in Naples, would they believe me?" said Gonzalo. "These must be islanders, and although they are of such strange shapes, yet note, their manners are more gentle and kind than many of our human race."

"You speak well, honest lord," said Prospero aside, "for some of you there are worse than devils."

"They vanished strangely," said Francisco.

"No matter, since they left their viands behind them," said Sebastian.
"Will it please your Majesty to taste of what is here?"

"Not I," said Alonso.

"Faith, sir, you need not fear," said Gonzalo.

"Well, I will eat, although it be my last meal," said the King.
"Brother, and you, my Lord Duke of Milan, do as we do."

At that instant there was a peal of thunder and a flash of lightning. Ariel, in the form of a harpy, a hideous bird of prey, flew in and flapped his wings over the table, and immediately the banquet vanished.

"You are three men of sin, whom Destiny has cast upon this island because you are quite unfit to live among men," he said, addressing Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio.

Enraged, they drew their swords, but Ariel only mocked at them.

"You fools! I and my fellows are ministers of Fate. Your swords might as well try to wound the winds or stab the water, as hurt one feather of my plumage. If you could hurt, your swords are now too heavy for your strength, and you cannot lift them. But remember--for this is my business to you--that you three supplanted the good Duke Prospero from Milan, cast him and his innocent child adrift on the sea, which hath now revenged it. The heavenly powers have delayed punishment for this foul deed, but they have not forgotten it, and now they have incensed the sea and the shore and all creatures against you. They have bereft you, Alonso, of your son, and they pronounce by me that lingering perdition worse than any death shall fall in this desolate island on you and all your ways, unless you heartily repent and amend your life."

Ariel vanished in thunder, and then to soft music entered the strange shapes again, and, with a mocking dance, carried out the table on which the banquet had been spread.

"Bravely done, my Ariel!" said Prospero aside, while the King of Naples and his companions stood mute with amazement. "My charms are working, and these my enemies are quite astounded. They are now in my

power, and here I will leave them while I visit young Ferdinand--whom they think drowned--and his and my loved darling."

"In the name of heaven, sir, why do you stand with that strange stare?" asked Gonzalo of the King.

"Oh, it is monstrous, monstrous!" cried the conscience-stricken Alonso. "I thought the billows spoke and told me of my wicked deed, the winds sang it to me, and the thunder pronounced the name of 'Prospero.' Therefore my son is drowned, and I will lie with him fathoms deep below the waves."

So saying, he hurried from the spot, followed at once by Sebastian and Antonio.

"All three of them are desperate," said Gonzalo. "Their great guilt, like poison which takes a long time to work, now begins to bite their spirit. I do beseech you," he added to the lords in waiting, "follow them swiftly, and hinder them from what this madness may provoke them to."

"Though the Seas threaten, they are merciful"

The hard toil which Prospero had set the Prince of Naples did not last long, and when the magician saw that the young people loved each other sincerely he put an end to the trial, and bade them be happy together. To give them pleasure and show them some proof of his magic powers, he summoned a troop of beautiful spirits--Iris, Ceres, Juno, some water-nymphs, and various reapers, who sang sweet songs to them and danced graceful dances.

But the moment of Caliban's plot was approaching. Prospero dismissed the spirits, and began to prepare for punishing the conspirators. Sending Ferdinand and Miranda to wait for him in his cell, he bade Ariel fetch some glistening apparel, and hang it up on a line near, in order to serve as a bait to catch the thieves.

His plan succeeded. Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo soon appeared, all wet from the stagnant pool into which they had been lured by Ariel's music.

"Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not hear a footfall; we are now near his cell," said Caliban.

“O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! Look what a wardrobe is here for you!” cried Trinculo, catching hold of the garments hanging on the line.

“Let it alone, you fool; it is but trash!” said Caliban.

“Put off that gown, Trinculo,” said Stephano, equally greedy in his turn. “By this hand, I’ll have that gown!”

“Your grace shall have it,” said Trinculo submissively.

“Why do you waste time on this rubbish?” entreated Caliban. “Let us do the murder first. If Prospero awakens he will punish us cruelly for this.”

“You be quiet, monster,” said Stephano rudely; and he and Trinculo went on helping themselves to the fine clothes which Ariel had cunningly displayed. “Come, monster, take what we leave.”

“I will have none of them,” declared Caliban. “We shall lose our time, and if Prospero catches us, he will change us all into barnacles or apes.”

“Help us to carry these away, or I’ll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this!” commanded Stephano.

“And this,” added Trinculo; and they began to load poor Caliban with their spoils.

Suddenly a noise of hunters was heard, and a band of spirits in the shape of dogs swept along, and set upon the three guilty men, chasing them about, while Prospero and Ariel urged on the dogs.

“Hey, Mountain, hey!”

“Silver! There it goes, Silver!”

“Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there! Hark, hark!”

When Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo had been driven away, Prospero spoke to Ariel.

“Let them be hunted soundly. Now all my enemies lie at my mercy. My

labours will soon be ended, and then thou shalt be free as air. Follow me still for a little, and do me service. Now, tell me, how fares the King and his followers?"

"Just as you left them--all prisoners, sir, in the grove of trees which shelters your cell. They cannot stir until you release them. The King, his brother, and your brother are quite distracted, and their lords are mourning over them, and chiefly he whom you termed 'the good old lord Gonzalo.' Your charm affects them so strongly that if you beheld them now you would pity them."

"Dost thou think so, spirit?"

"I would, sir, if I were human."

"And I will," said Prospero. "Now that they are penitent my purpose is accomplished. Go, release them, Ariel. I'll break my charms. I'll restore their senses, and they shall be themselves."

"I'll fetch them, sir," said Ariel; and he gladly hastened away to do his master's bidding.

Left alone, Prospero took a solemn farewell of all the powers of magic which he had practised for so long, and declared that, after one last charm which he was now going to work, he would break his wizard's wand and drown his book.

When Ariel returned with Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio, and the lords in waiting, they all entered a charmed circle which Prospero had made, and stood there unable to move.

"There stand, for you are spell-bound," said Prospero. "O good Gonzalo, my true preserver, and loyal servant to your master, I will pay you both in word and deed. Alonso, most cruelly did you use me and my daughter; your brother helped you in the deed--he is punished for it now. You, brother mine, unnatural though you are--I forgive you."

While Prospero was speaking, the King and his companions slowly began to recover their senses; but they did not yet recognise Prospero, for he was clad in his magic robes.

"Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell, Ariel," he said. "I will discard these garments, and show myself as when I was Duke of Milan. Quickly, spirit! Thou shalt be free ere long."

Gladly Ariel set to work, singing a gay little song as he helped to attire his master:

“Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip’s bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat’s back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.”

Then Prospero sent him to find the King’s ship, and to bring back the master and boatswain.

Poor old Gonzalo was greatly amazed and troubled at all the strange things that were happening.

“Some heavenly power guide us out of this fearful country!” he exclaimed.

“Behold, Sir King, the wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero,” said the magician to Alonso. “To give thee more assurance that a living Prince speaks to thee, I embrace thee, and bid a hearty welcome to thee and thy company.”

“Whether thou be he or not, or some enchanted trifle to torment me, I do not know,” said the bewildered King. “Thy pulse beats like flesh and blood, and since I have seen thee my madness has abated. I resign thy dukedom, and entreat thy pardon for my wrong-doing. But how can Prospero be living and be here?”

“Welcome, my friends all!” said Prospero. “But you, my brace of lords,” he added, aside to Sebastian and Antonio, “if I were so minded, I could make his Highness frown on you and prove you traitors. At this time I will tell no tales.”

“The devil speaks in him,” muttered Sebastian, conscious of his guilt.

“No,” replied Prospero quietly. “For you, most wicked sir,” he said to his brother Antonio, “I forgive all your faults, and require my dukedom of thee, which perforce I know thou must restore.”

“If you are Prospero, tell us how you were saved, and how you have

met us here," said the King of Naples. "Three hours ago we were wrecked upon this shore--alas, where I have lost--how bitter is the remembrance!--my dear son Ferdinand."

"I am sorry for it, sir," said Prospero.

"The loss can never be made up, and is past the cure of patience."

"I rather think you have not sought the help of patience," said Prospero. "For the like loss I have its sovereign aid, and rest myself content."

"You the like loss?"

"As great to me; for I have lost my daughter."

"A daughter?" cried Alonso. "Oh, would that they were both living in Naples as King and Queen! When did you lose your daughter?"

"In this last tempest," said Prospero, smiling to himself. "But come, no more of this. Welcome, sir; this cell is my court. I have few attendants here, and no subjects abroad. Pray you, look in. Since you have given me back my dukedom, I will reward you with something equally good, or, at least, show you a wonder which will content you as much as my dukedom does me."

And, drawing aside the curtain which veiled the entrance to his cell, Prospero disclosed to view Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

"Sweet lord, you play me false," said Miranda.

"No, my dearest love, I would not for the world," said Ferdinand.

"If this prove a vision of the island, I shall lose my dear son a second time," murmured Alonso.

"A most high miracle!" exclaimed Sebastian.

"Though the seas threaten, they are merciful," cried Ferdinand, springing from his seat at the sight of his father, and falling on his knees before him.

"Now all the blessings of a glad father compass thee about," said Alonso, overcome with joy to see his dear son again.

Miranda in the meanwhile was gazing in wonder at all these strange visitors who had come to the island.

"Oh, brave new world that has such people in it!" she cried in delight.

"Who is this maiden?" Alonso asked his son. "Is she some goddess?"

"Sir, she is mortal, and she is mine," answered Ferdinand. "I chose her when I thought I had no father. She is daughter to the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have so often heard."

Then Alonso gave his blessing to the young couple, and the good Gonzalo breathed a hearty "Amen!"

At this moment Ariel appeared, followed by the astonished master of the King's ship and the boatswain. They were overjoyed to see the King and his companions again, and brought word that the ship was as safe and bravely rigged as when they first put out to sea.

"Sir, all this service have I done since I left you," whispered Ariel to Prospero. "Was it well done?"

"Bravely, good spirit," said Prospero. "Thou shalt soon be free."

Then he commanded him to go and take off the spell from Caliban and his companions, and after a few minutes' absence Ariel returned driving in the three men, clad in their stolen apparel.

"Mark these men, my lords," said Prospero. "These three have robbed me, and this witch's son had plotted with the others to take my life. Two of these fellows you must know and own; this thing of darkness I acknowledge mine."

"Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?" said the King of Naples.

"Why, how now, Stephano?" said Sebastian mockingly.

"You would be King of the isle, sirrah?" demanded Prospero.

"I should have been a sore one, then," groaned Stephano, for he and his worthless friends were still aching all over from the punishment inflicted on them.

"That is as strange a thing as ever I looked on," said Alonso, pointing to Caliban.

"His manners are as ugly as his appearance," answered Prospero. "Go, sirrah, to my cell. Take your companions with you, and if you hope to have my pardon, behave properly."

"Ay, that I will," said Caliban; "and I will be wise hereafter, and try to be better. What a thrice-double ass I was to take that drunkard for my master!"

And he departed with his companions, glad to have escaped so lightly.

Then Prospero invited the King and his other guests into his cell, where they were to rest for one night. The next morning they were all to set sail for Naples, where the marriage between Prince Ferdinand and Miranda was to take place, after which Prospero would retire to his own dukedom of Milan. Finally he gave his last charge to Ariel, and bade him see that the King's ship should have calm seas and fair winds to waft it quickly on its way.

"My Ariel, chick, that is thy charge," said Prospero. "Then be free as the elements, and fare thee well!"

A Short Lesson In Geology and Chemistry

by Horace Carver Hovey

from The Project Gutenberg EBook #49130 of

Hovey's Handbook of The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky

Many hurry to and through and away from Mammoth Cave;
but let us go in a more leisurely manner.

Suppose we begin by a stroll amid the rounded hills that environ Cincinnati. We find their flanks full of corals, shells, crinoids, and other marine objects by myriads. These are fossils, yet perfect as if freshly cast up from the sea. But we observe that the limestone lies in thin, level layers, with no signs of volcanic or earthquake action. They were gently cut down by an undermining process that left no caverns, because the strata are so thin that they can not hold together. This is the same Lower Silurian formation that elsewhere made the famous "bluegrass region," causing Central Kentucky to be the fairest bit of the globe's surface known.

Go by steamboat down the Ohio to Madison, Indiana, and the scenery changes with the geology. Near the river are still seen the thin blue limestone strata that we saw at Cincinnati, but capped by the marble heights of the Upper Silurian. Cascades from the cliffs wash out the thinner, softer material, making wide, shallow grottoes, each being, as a rule, at the head of a ravine, which is a cave in ruins.

At the charming city of Louisville we encounter another geological change, and meet a striking proof that the region was once flooded by the ocean, namely, the grand old coral reef over which tumble the Falls of the Ohio. It used to bristle with branching corals like stag-horns and was strewn with tens of thousands of more delicate varieties, car-loads of which have since been carried away; but enough remain to show that all this country was uplifted by continental forces from a primeval sea. Probably its altitude was once above the present level, to which it has been reduced by causes some of which are still at work.

Rambling through the valleys and examining their rocky beds, we find fissures no doubt caused by that continental uplifting to which we have referred. These cracks, or "joints," are visible over large areas, wherever the country rock is exposed. Usually they run at nearly right angles with one another, north and south lines crossing those from east to west. The joint-walls may closely fit, or have been parted to make channels by which falling rain might be drained.

You have noticed that soda-water roughens and eats away the marble

slab

on which the soda-fountain rests. On asking the reason you are told that it is due to the carbonic acid gas (carbon dioxide) with which the water is charged. In nature this same gas is formed by the decay of animal and vegetable matter. Rainwater absorbs it from the atmosphere and while sinking through the loam and soil. It also takes up humous acids, which aid in the work of corrosion effected on reaching the limestone. Mechanical energy assists chemical action in slowly dissolving and removing the limestone particles.

All limestone caves, great and small, were carved by this slow yet irresistible process. The downward flow follows the joints till a lateral "bedding-plane," or something else, turns the stream horizontally, when there results a widening of the passageway. Should the roof collapse there would be "a tumble-down" within and perhaps a "sink-hole" without. Should the cave cut through from one bedding-plane to another, a series of galleries would result; the upper ones dry as tinder and the lower ones wet with water that finally reaches the drainage level, whence it emerges into some open valley.

Occasionally the whirling water bores straight down through all galleries, making what is termed a pit, or a dome, according to the point of view. Standing pools deposit nitrous earth and various other mineral substances. Water trickling through the roof evaporates, each drop laying down its load of the bicarbonate of lime to create a stalactite; or a stalagmite if it first falls on the floor. A general and convenient term is "dripstone," masses of which are found at almost any crossing of the joint-planes. Should "fixed air" (carbon dioxide), which is fifteen times as heavy as the atmosphere, settle into the lower parts of any cave, it would make visiting dangerous or fatal. But air currents and other causes make every part of Mammoth Cave free from any except the sweetest, purest air ever inhaled.

JULY 4, 2015

**THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE OF
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**

IN CONGRESS, July 4, 1776

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.--That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,--That whenever any Form of

Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.--Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such

is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object

the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary

for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their Public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with

manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative Powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws of Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

He has made judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our People, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil Power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from Punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:
For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our Consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury:

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with Power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy of the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the

most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free People.

Nor have We been wanting in attention to our Brittish brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to

their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the

ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world

for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by the Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.

Button Gwinnett
Lyman Hall
George Walton
William Hooper
Joseph Hewes
John Penn
Edward Rutledge
Thomas Heyward, Jr.
Thomas Lunch, Jr.
Arthur Middleton
John Hancock
Samuel Chase
William Paca
Thomas Stone
Charles Carroll of Carrollton
George Wythe
Richard Henry Lee
Thomas Jefferson
Benjamin Harrison
Thomas Nelson, Jr.

Francis Lightfoot Lee
Carter Braxton
Robert Morris
Benjamin Rush
Benjamin Franklin
John Morton
George Clymer
James Smith
George Taylor
James Wilson
George Ross
Caesar Rodney
George Read
Thomas McKean
William Floyd
Philip Livingston
Francis Lewis
Lewis Morris
Richard Stockton
John Witherspoon
Francis Hopkinson
John Hart
Abraham Clark
Josiah Bartlett
William Whipple
Samuel Adams
John Adams
Robert Treat Paine
Elbridge Gerry
Stephen Hopkins
William Ellery
Roger Sherman
Samuel Huntington
William Williams
Oliver Wolcott
Matthew Thornton

BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER

from *The Civil War Centennial Handbook*, by William H. Price
EBook #37740

"_And why should we not accord them equal honor, for they were both Americans, imbued with those qualities which have made this country great._"

--BELL IRVIN WILEY

PRESIDENT LINCOLN, the Commander-In-Chief of the Union Army, had four brothers-in-law in the Confederate Army, and three of his sisters-in-law were married to Confederate officers.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army, served the U.S. Army as a colonel during the Mexican War and held the post of Secretary of War in President Pierce's cabinet. Previously, as a senior United States Senator, he had been Chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee. Lincoln and Davis were born in Kentucky, the only state that has ever had two of its sons serve as President at the same time.

JOHN TYLER, 10th President of the United States, was elected to the Confederate States Congress in 1862, but died before it convened. On March 4, 1861, Tyler's granddaughter unfurled the first flag of the Confederacy when it was raised over the Confederate Capitol at Montgomery, Alabama.

The Battle of Lynchburg, Virginia, in June 1864 brought together two future Presidents of the United States --General RUTHERFORD B. HAYES and Major WILLIAM McKINLEY, U.S.A.--and a former Vice-President--General JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, C.S.A. Five other Union generals later rose to the Presidency: ANDREW JOHNSON, U.S. GRANT, JAMES A. GARFIELD, CHESTER A. ARTHUR, and BENJAMIN HARRISON.

The four Secretaries of War during the eleven years prior to the Civil War were all from the South. All four later held office in the Confederate government.

Fourteen of the 26 Confederate Senators had previously served in the

United States Congress. In the Confederate House of Representatives, 33 members were former U.S. Congressmen.

Confederate Generals ROBERT E. LEE and P.G.T. BEAUREGARD both ranked second in their graduating classes at West Point, and both officers later returned to hold the position of Superintendent of the Academy. Lee's appointment to the rank of full colonel in the United States Army was signed by President Lincoln.

In 1859 WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN was appointed the first president of what is today the Louisiana State University. Although his chief claim to fame was the destructive "March to the Sea", a portrait of the Union general occupies a prominent place in the Memorial Tower of this Southern university.

Over one-fourth of the West Point graduates who fought during the Civil War were in the Confederate Army. Half of the 304 who served in Gray were on active duty in the United States Army when war broke out. Of the total number of West Pointers who went South, 148 were promoted to the rank of general officer. In all, 313 of the 1,098 officers in the United States Army joined the Confederacy.

One fourth of the officers in the United States Navy resigned to cast their lot with the Confederate Navy. Of the 322 who resigned, 243 were line officers.

When J.E.B. STUART raided Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in 1862, he was pursued by Federal cavalry under the command of his father-in-law, Brig. Gen. PHILIP ST. GEORGE COOKE, Whose name is frequently confused with that of Confederate General PHILIP ST. GEORGE COCKE, both West Pointers. As if that weren't bad enough, there was a Union general by the name of JEFFERSON DAVIS.

WILLIAM T. MAGRUDER (U.S.M.A. 1850) commanded a squadron of the 1st United States Cavalry at First Manassas and during the Peninsula Campaign. In August 1862 he was granted leave of absence, and two months later he switched loyalties to join the Confederate Army. On July 3, 1863, he fell during the famous charge at Gettysburg.

The Virginia Military Institute graduated WILLIAM H. GILLESPIE in the special war class of 1862. While awaiting his appointment as an officer on "Stonewall" Jackson's staff, he deserted to the Union Army and became Adjutant of the 14th West Virginia Cavalry.

If Blue and Gray didn't meet again at Gettysburg during the annual reunions, they at least met on the banks of the Nile. No less than 50 former Union and Confederate officers held the rank of colonel or above in the Army of the Khedive during the 1870's. Two ex-Confederate generals and three former Union officers attained the rank of general in the Egyptian Army, holding such positions as Chief of Staff, Chief of Engineers, and Chief Ordnance Officer.

Only three Confederates ever held the rank of general in the United States Army following the Civil War--MATTHEW C. BUTLER, FITZHUGH LEE, and JOE WHEELER. Lee and Wheeler, though they served as generals in the Confederate Army as well as in the United States Army during the Spanish American War, both graduated at the bottom of their West Point classes. When Lee and Wheeler were promoted to major general in 1901, their commissions were signed by a former Yankee officer--President William McKinley.

General GEORGE PICKETT, a native Virginian, was appointed to the United States Military Academy from the State of Illinois. John Todd Stuart obtained the appointment at the request of his law partner, Abraham Lincoln.

The senior general in the Confederate Army, SAMUEL COOPER, hailed from New York. Before the war, he had been Adjutant General of the United States Army. From 1861 to 1865 he was the Adjutant and Inspector General of the Confederate Army.

Fort Sumter was surrendered in 1861 by a Kentucky-born Union officer, Major ROBERT ANDERSON. Confederate General JOHN C. PEMBERTON, a Pennsylvanian by birth, surrendered Vicksburg in 1863. There was no collusion in either surrender; both men were loyal supporters of their respective causes.

The first Superintendent of the United States Naval Academy, Commodore FRANKLIN BUCHANAN, commanded the C.S.S. _Virginia_ (_Merrimac_) in its first engagement. On the first ship to surrender under the _Virginia's_guns was Buchanan's brother, an officer of the U.S. Navy.

Major CLIFTON PRENTISS of the 6th Maryland Infantry (Union) and his younger brother WILLIAM, of the 2nd Maryland Infantry (Confederate), were both mortally wounded when their regiments clashed at Petersburg on April 2, 1865--just seven days before hostilities ceased. Both were removed from the battlefield and after a separation of four years, they were taken to the same hospital in Washington. Each fought and each died for his cause.

From

The Project Gutenberg EBook #11102 of *History of Negro Soldiers in the Spanish-American War, and Other Items of Interest*, by Edward A. Johnson

THE BEGINNING OF HOSTILITIES A COLORED HERO IN THE NAVY.

History records the Negro as the first man to fall in three wars of America--Crispus Attacks in the Boston massacre, March 5, 1770; an unknown Negro in Baltimore when the Federal troops were mobbed in that city _en route_ to the front, and Elijah B. Tunnell, of Accomac county, Virginia, who fell simultaneously with or a second before Ensign Bagley, of the torpedo boat _Winslow_, in the harbor of Cardenas May 11, 1898, in the Spanish-American war.

Elijah B. Tunnell was employed as cabin cook on the _Winslow_. The boat, under a severe fire from masked batteries of the Spanish on shore, was disabled. The Wilmington came to her rescue, the enemy meanwhile still pouring on a heavy fire. It was difficult to get the "line" fastened so that the _Winslow_ could be towed off out of range of the Spanish guns. Realizing the danger the boat and crew were in, and anxious to be of service, Tunnell left his regular work and went on deck to assist in "making fast" the two boats, and while thus engaged a shell came, which, bursting over the group of workers, killed him and three others. It has been stated in newspaper reports of this incident that it was an ill-aimed shell of one of the American boats that killed Tunnell and Bagley. Tunnell was taken on board the Wilmington with both legs blown off, and fearfully mutilated. Turning to those about him he asked, "Did we win in the fight boys?" The reply was, "Yes."

He said, "Then I die happy." While others fell at the post of duty it may be said of this brave Negro that he fell while doing _more_ than his duty. He might have kept out of harm's way if he had desired, but seeing the situation he rushed forward to relieve it as best he could, and died a "volunteer" in service, doing what others ought to have done. All honor to the memory of Elijah B. Tunnell, who, if not the first, certainly simultaneous with the first, martyr of the Spanish-American war. While our white fellow-citizens justly herald the fame of Ensign Bagley, who was known to the author from his youth, let our colored patriots proclaim the heroism of Tunnell of Accomac. While not ranking as an official in the navy, yet he was brave, he was faithful and we may inscribe over his grave that "he died doing what

he could for his country."

War between the United States and Spain began April 21, 1898. Actual hostilities ended August 12, 1898, by the signing of the protocol by the Secretary of State of the United States for the United States and M. Cambon, the French Ambassador at Washington, acting for Spain.

The war lasted 114 days. The Americans were victorious in every regular engagement. In the three-days battle around Santiago, the Americans lost 22 officers and 208 men killed, and 81 officers and 1,203 men wounded, and 79 missing. The Spanish loss as best estimated was near 1,600 officers and men killed and wounded.

Santiago was surrendered July 17, 1898, with something over 22,000 troops.

General Shatter estimates in his report the American forces as numbering 16,072 with 815 officers.

Chapter 1

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Wings over England, by Roy Judson Snell
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Cherry

It was one of those rare autumn days in England. The sky was blue as blue. The trees cast dark shadows across the hillside. The sheep wandered contentedly along the slope. To Cherry Ramsey, for one full moment it seemed that nothing could possibly be wrong with the world.

Then with a sudden light spring she shot from her sunny corner to scan the sky and to exclaim softly to the collie at her feet:

"Flash old boy, it's an airplane. Perhaps it's a bomb-bomber." That last word always choked her. How she hated those Nazi marauders! No, all was not right with the world! Perhaps it never would be again for a long, long time!

"But Flash old boy," there was hot fire in her voice, "we must all do our best and trust God. That's what mother always says, and she's nearly always right."

Flash, the splendid golden collie, stood up, appeared to listen, then whined as if he had truly understood. And who will say he did not?

For one more full moment the scene remained just as it had been. In the foreground were low hills and sheep feeding. Beyond that lay a level field where two grown youths in their late teens bent over their task of harvesting Brussels sprouts. Beyond all this were trees and barns--a farm home,--Cherry's own home.

As she stood there, lips parted, ears straining in their attempt to build up a mental picture of the rapidly approaching airplane, she saw the two boys straighten up, then gaze skyward.

"Ah! They hear it!" she whispered. Then she tried with a sudden flash of the imagination to picture the thoughts running through the minds at that moment of those strangely different boys. The plane proved to be a German bomber.

Then suddenly her heart stood still. The plane had come zooming out from behind the nearby hills, and in a flash she had caught sight of the hated cross on the right of the plane, the swastika on its tail.

At that same instant the taller of the two boys turned to his companion to say:

"I suppose that's what you call a bomber?" His was the sharp, brisk accent of a Midwest American.

"Not precisely that," was the slow drawling reply of his typically English companion. "It's a Messerschmitt 110, I'd say. They do use them for daylight bombing. But that plane is really a fighter. The best the Jerries have. If our boys go after one of them when it flies over to do a little bombing, it lays eggs and puts off at a fearful rate, or turns in for a scrap.

"And I say!" his voice rose, "There'll be a scrap! There's a Spitfire after her. Good old Spitfire! Go after 'em, old boy! Here we are, with a ringside seat!" He dropped back to take his place on a bag of Brussels sprouts. The tall, dark, curly-haired American youth stood where he was, watching the two planes. His eyes were wide with excitement and wonder. This was but his third day in England. Until this moment he had seen nothing of the war. Even now, with the peace of open country all about him, it did not seem possible that those two silver ships up there in the sky would really fight an air duel, that men might come hurtling down from out the sky to a terrible crushing death.

An exclamation from his companion brought him back to reality.

"Oh! I say!" came in sharp, rising tones. "There's another of our fighters! Now there'll surely be a scrap! That Messerschmitt can't escape both of them! That," he said with a sudden intake of breath, "is one of your American fighters. It's called a Tomahawk."

"Are they good?" Dave asked, his eyes still on the sky.

"Good!" Brand exploded, "Of course they're good! Air cooled engine. Do 350 per hour. And can they climb! Practically straight up! It's going to be grand!" he exclaimed, his eyes glued upon the spot where the three planes were circling. "They'll do that old Messerschmitt in before you can say Jack Robinson."

"They should. Two to one," Dave Barnes, the other boy spoke slowly, no sarcasm in his voice, only cool appraisal. He was an American. This was not his war. For him this was but a ringside seat to something rather big.

The lips of the English boy, Brandon Ramsey, drew into a tense white line. This _was_ his war. Perhaps he knew the men in those one-seated fighters. He could not be sure of that, but there was an airbase for fighters not three miles from his home. He knew nearly all the fliers. As for the enemy plane, why was it here? To drop bombs on defenseless villagers, or to spy out targets for some other plane that carried tons of explosives. Who could say?

"Two to one." His was not a happy laugh. "There are three men in that Messerschmitt. They're in an armored cabin. Our boys are right out there in the open." There was a touch of anger in his voice.

"I--I'm sorry," Dave murmured, brushing a hand before his eyes. "I've been in England for so short a time. Guess I don't see things your way just yet."

"That's all right," was the prompt and generous response. Brand gave Dave's knee a slap. "You'll pick it up fast. That is," he added, "if that Messerschmitt isn't still carrying its bombs and if he doesn't land one of them right on us."

"Why would he do that?" The American boy's eyes opened wide.

"Lighten his load. Besides, a bullet might strike a bomb. Then whew! He'd fly into a thousand pieces. He--"

The English boy stopped suddenly, for at that instant there came a sput--sput--sput from the sky.

"They're at it!" Dave's voice was low and tense.

The burst of fire which was short and sharp had come from the Spitfire.

"Short, broadside," Brand explained. "You can't do much with a broadside. Other plane's going too fast. They're out of range, just like that. They--"

"Look!" he exclaimed in a voice tense with emotion. "The Tomahawk is going after that plane from behind! He--"

"Nope." He let loose a low hiss of disgust.

"He's gone into a power dive."

It was true. All the planes had been high, perhaps up 15,000 feet. Now the Messerschmitt slipped into a dive that took it half the distance to earth. The American boy was ready to dodge and run for it when just as suddenly as it had gone into the dive the Nazi plane came out of it to level off just above the farm home.

"Look!" Brand gripped his companion's arm hard. "He's dropped a bomb!"

Terror stricken, fascinated, white-hot with anger, the English boy watched a silver spot against the dark blue sky go down--down--down.

And on the hillside, far above her home, tall, slender, beautiful twenty-year old Cherry Ramsey, with the color gone from her cheeks, also watched the terrifying missile speed from the sky.

"Where will it strike?" Her alert mind registered the question her lips did not speak, while her eyes took in the house, the barn, the out-buildings, the orchard--every spot dear to her childhood.

And then the silence of the countryside was torn by a sudden burst of sound that made the very hills tremble.

For one full moment while the trio on the hillside kept their places, breathless, expectant, a cloud of dust and smoke obscured the view.

During this moment Cherry became conscious of the dog that lay whining at her feet. Bending low, she patted his sleek head. "Yes, I know it's terrible," she soothed. "You don't like it. We don't either. But we all must endure it for England's sake."

As if he understood, the dog nestled silently at her feet.

The smoke cleared. The girl sighed with relief. The bomb had fallen in the orchard. A single apple tree, one of the early pippins, had been uprooted. A slight loss. The tree was quite old.

And then with a shock it came to her that everything--the house, the barn, the dovecotes,--all about the place was old, old and very dear.

Then again her lips parted in sudden fright, for a second silver spot, larger than the first, had appeared against the sky. Watching its swift descent, she grabbed at her painfully beating heart. At first it seemed that it must fall upon the house. "Alice is there," her reeling brain registered the thought. Then came a sense of relief. The house would be spared. Then it was to be the barn where two fine colts were housed that would receive the full force of the blow.

"No," she sighed. "Farther up the hill."

The bomb fell not ten feet from a small square building. Like a tree, uprooted by the blast, this tiny house leapt high in air, then collapsing, crashed to earth. At the same instant dust and smoke concealed all.

As if struck a blow from behind, the girl leapt forward, stood there tense, motionless for a period of seconds, then disregarding the loyal collie whining at her heels, went dashing down the hill.

The apparently insignificant building had once been a smoke-house. Perhaps that had been fifty years before. When Cherry was a child it had been converted into a playhouse. There, hours on end, she and her sister Alice had played with their dolls and at keeping house. They, to be sure had abandoned both dolls and playhouse long ago. But from time to time other children had come to live on the Ramsey Farm. Both playhouse and dolls had been theirs. At this moment two cute children, Tillie and Peggy, from the London slums, were staying at the Ramsey Farm. This old smoke-house was their favorite haunt. As Cherry sped down the hill allowing herself not one glance at the brightening sky, she dared not ask the question that haunted her terror-stricken mind. "Oh, God!" she whispered, "It can't be true!"

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The Final Campaign: Marines in the Victory on Okinawa

by Colonel Joseph H. Alexander, USMC (Ret)

Daybreak on 29 May 1945 found the 1st Marine Division beginning its fifth consecutive week of frontal assault as part of the U.S. Tenth Army's grinding offensive against the Japanese defenses centered on Shuri Castle in southern Okinawa. Operation Iceberg, the campaign to seize Okinawa, was now two months old--and badly bogged down. The exhilarating, fast-paced opening of the campaign had been replaced by week after week of costly, exhausting, attrition warfare against the Shuri complex.

The 1st Marine Division, hemmed in between two other divisions with precious little maneuver room, had advanced barely a thousand yards in the past 18 days--an average of 55 yards each bloody day. Their sector featured one bristling, honeycombed ridge line after another--sequentially Kakazu, Dakeshi, and Wana (with its murderous, reverse slope canyon). Just beyond lay the long shoulder of Shuri Ridge, the nerve center of the Japanese _Thirty-second Army_ and the outpost of dozens of the enemy's forward artillery observers who had made life so miserable for American assault forces all month long.

But on this rainy morning, this 29th of May, things seemed somehow different, quieter. After days of bitter fighting, American forces had finally overrun both outposts of the Shuri Line: Conical Hill on the east, captured by the 96th Infantry Division, and the Sugar Loaf complex in the west, seized by the 6th Marine Division. Shuri no longer seemed invincible.

Company A of the 1st Battalion, 5th Marines moved out warily, expecting the usual firestorm of Japanese artillery at any moment. There was none. The Marines reached the crest of Shuri Ridge with hardly a firefight. Astonished, the company commander looked westward along the ridge several hundred yards to the ruins of Shuri Castle, the medieval fortress of the ancient Ryukyuan kings. Everyone in the Tenth Army expected the Japanese to defend Shuri to the death--but the place seemed lightly held. Spiteful small arms fire appeared to come from nothing more than a rear guard. Field radios buzzed with this astounding news. Shuri Castle itself lay beyond division and corps boundaries, but it was there for the taking. The assault Marines asked

permission to seize the prize.

Major General Pedro del Valle, commanding the 1st Marine Division, did not hesitate. By all rights the castle belonged to the neighboring 77th Infantry Division and del Valle knew his counterpart, Army Major General Andrew D. Bruce, would be angry if the Marines snatched the long-sought trophy before his soldiers could arrive. But this was an unprecedented opportunity to grab the Tenth Army's main objective. Del Valle gave the go-ahead. With that, Company A, 1/5, swept west along the ridge against light opposition and took possession of the battered complex. Del Valle's staff had to do some fancy footwork to keep peace with their Army neighbors. Only then did they learn that the 77th Division had scheduled a major bombardment of the castle that morning. Frantic radio calls averted the near-tragedy just in time. Results of the Marines' preemptive action incensed General Bruce. Recalled del Valle: "I don't think a single Army division commander would talk to me after that."

Notwithstanding this interservice aggravation, the Americans had achieved much this morning. For two months the Shuri Heights had provided the Japanese with superb fields of observed fire that covered the port city of Naha and the entire five-mile neck of southern Okinawa. Even now, as the Marines of A/1/5 deployed into a hasty defensive line within the Castle's rubble, they were oblivious to the fact that a Japanese rear guard still occupied portions of the mammoth underground headquarters complex directly under their muddy boondockers. They would be astounded to learn that the subterranean headquarters of the _Thirty-second Army_ measured 1,287 feet long and as much as 160 feet deep--all of it dug by pick and shovel.

The Japanese had in fact stolen a march on the approaching Tenth Army. Most of their forces had retreated southwards during the incessant rains, and would soon occupy the third (and final) ring of their prepared, underground defenses, a series of fortified escarpments in the Kiyamu Peninsula.

Seizing Shuri Castle represented an undeniable milestone in the Okinawa campaign, but it was a hollow victory. Just as the flag-raising on Iwo Jima's Mount Suribachi signified only the end of the beginning of that prolonged battle, the capture of Shuri did not end the fighting. The brutal slugfest on Okinawa still had another 24 days to run. And still the Plum Rains fell, and the horrors, and the dying, continued.

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Project Gutenberg's *True Stories of The Great War Volume III*, by Various

"WAR LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN"--IN BLEEDING FRANCE

Experiences in the Siege of Paris

By Marie Van Vorst, Distinguished American Novelist Residing in Paris

These letters present a singularly vivid chronicle of an American woman's experiences during the Great War. She was living in Paris, but brought her mother to London for safety. Here she went through a course of Red Cross lectures and returned to become a nurse at the American Ambulance in the Pasteur Institute in Neuilly, then under the control of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. Her brilliant intellect and sympathizing heart are brought out in her letters to friends in America. Her whole soul is in the cause of the Allies and in her letters she tells many beautiful stories of her experiences in Paris, London, Nice and Rome. To read her impressions as she wrote them down for her friends is to recapture the thrill and the uplift, the sorrows and the hopes, the high resolves and unshakable purpose of those that will live forever in history.

I--STORY OF ROBERT LE ROUX

To Miss Anna Lusk, New York.
Paris, Nov. 7th, 1914.

DEAREST ANNA:

In the contemplation of the great griefs of those who have lost their own, of those who have given their all; in the contemplation of the bravest country in the world--Belgium--ravaged from frontier to frontier, laid barren and waste, smoked, ruined, devastated and scarred by wholesale massacre of civilian women and children, our hearts have been crushed. Our souls have been appalled by the burdens of others, and by the future problems of Belgium, not to speak of one quarter of France. Much of the north has been wiped out, and the stories of individual suffering and insults too terrible to dwell upon, you will say.

One of my old clerks in the Bon Marché has had his little nephew come back to him from Germany--a peaceful young middle-class man pursuing his studies in a German town--with both his hands cut off!

The other day in the Gare du Nord, waiting for a train, there was a

stunning Belgian officer--not a private--he was a captain in one of the crack regiments. His excitement was terrible, he was almost beside himself with anguish and with anger. In a little village he had seen one woman violated by seven Germans in the presence of her husband; then the husband shot, the woman shot and her little baby cut in four pieces on a butcher's block. You can hardly call this the common course of war. He was a Belgian gentleman, and I should consider this a document of truth.

But there are so many that I cannot prolong, and will not--what is the use? Every now and then a people needs to be wiped off the face of the earth, or a contingent blotted out that a newer and finer civilization shall prevail. Certainly this is the case with Germany. They say here that the Emperor and Crown Prince will be tried by law and sentenced to death as common criminals, the Emperor as a murderer and the Crown Prince as a robber, for his goods trains were stacked with booty and loot. Think of it, a Prince! Everywhere the Germans pass they leave their filthy insults behind them, in the beautiful châteaux and in the delicate rooms of the French women--the indications of their passing, not deeds of noble heroism that can be told of foes as well as of friends, but filthy souvenirs of the passing of creatures for whom the word "barbarism" is too mild!

* * * * *

Here is a more spiritual picture.

Robert Le Roux, jun., was buried yesterday. You will have read in the previous pages here the story of his exploits on the battlefield--the closing of his young life in bravely leading his troops up the hill to certain death. And yesterday I went to St. Germain to his funeral.

The last time I had seen young Robert he was a little boy, in short breeches and socks. His mother brought him to Versailles and he played with us in the garden there--a strong, splendid-looking young French boy. Now I was going to his funeral, and he was engaged to be married, with all his hopes before him, and on this same train was his little fiancée, in her long crêpe veil, broken-hearted; and his little sister, and the father, who had followed his son's campaign with such ardor and such tenderness; and his uncle, Dr. D., of whom I spoke previously--the splendid sergeant-major whose only son had just been killed by the enemy. A train of sorrow!--and only one of so many, so many.

The church at St. Germain is simple and very old. The doors were all

hung with heavy snow-white cloth, and before the door stood the funeral car drawn by white horses, all in white, and instead of melancholy hearse plumes there were bunches of flags, and over all hung the November mist enveloping, softening, and there was a big company of Cuirassiers guarding the road.

We went in, and the church was crowded from the nave to the doors, and all the nave and the little chapels were blazing with the lily lights of the candles. It was all so white and so pure, so effulgent, so starry. There was an uplift about it, an élan; tragic as it all was, there was ever that feeling of beyond, beyond!

Before the altar lay the young man's coffin--that leaden coffin that had stood by his father in the fortress of Toul for three weeks, waiting for the dead. It was completely covered by the French flag, and the candles burnt around it.

Beside me was a woman with her husband. She wept so bitterly through the whole service that my heart was just wrung for her, and her husband's face, as his red-lidded eyes stared out in the misty church, was one of the most tragic things I ever saw. I wept, of course, and I have not cried very much since the war broke out, but her grief was too much for me. Finally she turned to me and said: "Madame, I only had one son, he was so charming, so good; he has fallen before the enemy, and I don't know where he is buried!" Just think of it! There she was, at the funeral of another man's son because he was a soldier! Link upon link of sorrow and suffering--such broken hearts....

The whole service was musical, nothing else but violins and harps. It was the most beautiful thing I ever heard, so quiet and so sweet; and that little group touched me profoundly--Le Roux with his daughter and the little fiancée--and that was all. In that coffin lying under the flag Bessie had placed at Toul her little silk pillow for the young soldier's head, and his love-letters in a little packet lay by his side. Around his arm he had worn a little ribbon taken from the hair of his sweetheart, and at the very last when he was dying and the hospital nurse was about to unknot it--I don't know why--the boy put up his feeble hand to prevent her; of course they buried it with him, and, as you think of it, you can hear that unknown voice on the battlefield, that, as the stretcher-bearers came to look for the wounded, called out: "Take him, he is engaged to be married; and leave me."

Oh, if out of it all arise a better civilization, purer motives, less greed for money, more humanitarian and unselfish aims, we can bear it.

I think of America with an ever-increasing love; I am proud to belong to that young and far-off country, but if our voice is raised now in encouragement for Belgium, encouragement for the Allies, and in reprobation of these acts of dishonorable warfare and cruel barbarism, I shall love my country more.

How superb the figure of the Belgian king is, standing there among the remnant of his army, and surrounded by his destroyed and ruined empire, and the cries of the people in his ears--a sublime figure....

Excerpt from
The Project Gutenberg EBook #49045
of *The Expositor's Bible: The Book of Deuteronomy*, by Andrew Harper

CHAPTER XXIII

LAWS OF KINDNESS

With the commands we now have to consider, we leave altogether the region of strict law, and enter entirely upon that of aspiration and of feeling. Kindness, by its very nature, eludes the rude compulsion of law, properly so called. It ceases to be kindness when it loses spontaneity and freedom. Precept, therefore, not law, is the utmost that any lawgiver can give in respect to it; and this is precisely what we have in Deuteronomy, so far as it endeavours to incite men to gentleness, goodness, and courtesy to one another. The author gives his people an ideal of what they ought to be in these respects, and presses it home upon them with the heartfelt earnestness which distinguishes him. That is all; but yet, if we are to do justice to him as a lawgiver, we must consider and estimate the moral value of these precepts; for, properly speaking, they are the flower of his legal principles, and they reveal in detail, and therefore, for the average man, most impressively, the spirit in which his whole legislation was conceived. In the abstract no doubt he had told us that love--love to Yahweh--was to be the fundamental thing, and we have seen how deep and wide-reaching that announcement was. But a review of the precepts which indicate how he conceived that love to God should affect men's relations with men, will give that general principle a definiteness and a concreteness more impressive than a thousand homilies. For the conception that a relation of love is the only fit relation between man and God, could not, if it were sincerely taken up, fail to throw light upon men's true relations to each other. Consequently the great declaration of the sixth chapter was bound to re-echo in the precepts to guide conduct, giving new sanctity and breadth to all man's duty to his fellows.

Of course the risk of great failure was nigh at hand: for men may be intellectually convinced that love is the element in which life ought to be lived, and may proclaim it, who are far from being actually penetrated and filled with love, tested and increased by communion with God. As a result, much talk about love and kindly human duty has fallen with but little impulsive power upon the

hearts of men. When, however, it is felt to be the expression of a present experience, such exhortation has power to move men as no other words can do. And the author of Deuteronomy was one of those who had this divinely given secret. In all parts of his book you find his words becoming winged with power, wherever love to God and man is even remotely touched upon. If our hypothesis as to the age in which he lived and wrote be correct, his must have been one of those high and rare natures which are not embittered by persecution or contemptuous neglect. Long before our Lord had spoken His decisive words on our duty to our neighbour, or St. Paul had written his great hymn to love, this man of God had been chosen to feel the truth, and had suffused his book with it, so that the only principle which can be recognised as binding together all his precepts is the central principle of the New Testament. Of course that made his ideal too high for present realisation; but he gained more than he lost; for, from Jeremiah and Josiah downwards through the years, all the noblest of his people responded to him. The splendour of his thought cast reflections upon their minds, and these glowed and shone amid the meaner lights which Pharisaism kindled and cherished, till He came whose right it was to reign. Then Deuteronomy's true rank was seen; for from it Christ took the answers by which He repelled Satan in the temptation, and from it, too, He took that commandment which He called the first and greatest. Of course the humanity of the book had not, in expression at least, the imperial sweep of Christian brotherhood which makes all men equal, so that for it there is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither wise nor unwise, neither male nor female, neither bond nor free. But all the chosen people are included in its sympathy; and in this field, without undue interference with private life, the author sets forth by specimen cases how the fraternal feeling should manifest itself in loving, neighbourly kindness.

As these laws or precepts of kindness are not systematically arranged, it will be necessary to group them, and we shall take first those in which it is prescribed that injury to others should be avoided. Of course criminal wrongs are not dealt with here. They have already been forbidden in the strictly legal portions of the book, and penalties have been attached to them. But in the region beyond law, there are many acts in which the difference between a good, and kindly, and sympathetic man, and a morose, and sullen, and unkindly one, can be even more clearly seen. In that region Deuteronomy is unmistakably on the side of sympathy. The poor, the slave, the helpless should, it teaches, be objects of special care to the true son of Israel. They should be treated, it shows, with a

generous perception of the peculiar difficulties of their lot; and pressure upon them at these special points where their lot is hard should be abhorrent to every Israelite.

The first in order of the precepts which we are considering (chap. xxii. v. 8)--"When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a railing for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house, if any man fall from thence"--reveals the fatherly and loving temper which it is the author's delight to attribute to Yahweh. As earthly parents guard their children from accidents and dangers, so Yahweh thinks of possible danger to the lives of His people, and calls for even minute precautions. The habit of sitting and sleeping upon the flat roofs of the houses has always been, and is now, prevalent in the East. Many accidents take place through this habit. In recent years Emin Pasha, who ruled so long at Wadelai, nearly lost his life by one; and here the house-owner is required in Yahweh's name to minimise that danger, "that he bring not blood upon his house." The life of each one of Yahweh's people is precious to Him; therefore it is that He will have them to guard one another. This is the principle which runs through all these precepts. In the sphere of ritual and religion the Deuteronomist does not transcend Old Testament conditions. For him as for others it is the nation which is the unit. But in the region now before us he virtually goes beyond that limitation, and emphasises the care of Yahweh for the individual, just as in the demand for love to God he had already made Israel's relation to their God depend upon each man's personal attitude. The thought that the Divine care was exerted over even "such a set of paltry ill-given animalcules as himself and his nation were," according to Carlyle's phrase, does not stagger him as it staggered Frederick the Great.

In matters like these, the unsophisticated religion of the Old Testament is most helpful to us to-day. We have analysed, and refined, and dimmed all things into abstractions, God and man among the rest. The fearless simplicity of the Old Testament restores us to ourselves, and pours fresh blood into the veins of our religion. No faith in God as the living orderer of all the circumstances of our lives can be too strong or too detailed. The stronger and more definite it becomes, the nearer will it approach the truth. Only one danger can threaten us on that line, the danger of taking all our own plans and desires for the Divinely appointed path for us. But most men will by natural humility be saved from that presumption; and the glad assurance that they are wrapped about with the love of God is perhaps the greatest need of God's people in their many

sceptical and unspiritual hours.

We cannot, therefore, be surprised that, in connection with debts and pledges for payment, the same kindness in the Divine commands should be observable. As usury was forbidden in Israel, and precautions against excessive indebtedness were exceedingly elaborate, the possibilities of oppression in connection with debt in Israel were much more limited than in most ancient communities. Nevertheless there was here a region of life in which great wrongs could still be done by a harsh and unscrupulous creditor. In order that the creditor might have some security for what he had lent, it was permitted to receive and give pledges. The precepts regarding these are contained in chap. xxiv., vv. 6, 10 ff. and 17, and express a considerate brotherly spirit, for which it would be hard to find a parallel either in ancient or modern times. The creditor who has taken a poor man's upper garment as a pledge is commanded, both in the Book of the Covenant and in Deuteronomy, to restore the garment to its owner in the evening, that he may sleep in it. In Palestine for much of the year the nights are cold enough, and the poor man has no covering save his ordinary clothes. To deprive him of these, therefore, is to inflict punishment upon him, whereas all that should be aimed at is the creditor's security. This was peculiarly offensive to Israelite feeling, as we see from the mention in Amos ii. 8 of the breach of this prescription as one of the sins for which Yahweh would not turn away Israel's punishment. Further, in no case was a widow's garment to be taken in pledge, nor the handmill used for preparing the daily flour, for that is taking "life" in pledge, as the Deuteronomist says with the feeling for the conditions of the poor man's life which he always shows.

But the crown of all this kindness is found in the beautiful tenth verse: "When thou dost lend thy neighbour any manner of loan, thou shalt not go into his house to fetch his pledge thou shalt stand without, and the man to whom thou dost lend shall bring forth the pledge without unto thee." Not only does Yahweh care for external and physical pain, He sympathises with those deeper wrongs and pains which may hurt a man's feelings. If a pledge to satisfy the lender had to be given, scruples of delicacy on the part of the borrower would appear to the "practical" man, as he would call himself, contemptibly misplaced. If the man's feelings were so very superfine, why did he borrow? But the author of Deuteronomy knew the heart of God better. With the fine tact of a man of God, he knew how even the well-meaning rich man's amused contempt for the poor man's few household treasures, would cut like a whip, and he knew that

Yahweh, who was "very pitiful and of tender mercy," would desire no son of Israel to be exposed to it. He knew, too, how human greed might dispose the lender to seize upon the thing of greatest value in the poor house, whether its price was in excess of the loan or not. Finally, he knew how it deteriorates the poor to be dealt with in an unceremonious, tactless way even by the benevolent. And in the name and with the authority of God he forbids it. The poor man's home, the home of the man whom we desire to help especially, is to be sacred. In our dealing with him of all men the finest courtesy is to be brought into play. Just because he needs our help, we are to stand on points of ceremony with him, which we might dispense with in dealing with friends and equals. "Thou shalt stand without," unless he asks thee to enter; and thou shalt show thereby, in a deeper way than any gifts or loans can show, that the fraternal tie is acknowledged and revered.

THE RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

During the last Canadian war, General Putnam, the famous partisan soldier, made the first descent upon Goat Island. A wager had been laid, that no man in the army would dare to cross the Rapids from the American side; and with the personal daring for which he was remarkable, above all the men of that trying period, he undertook the feat. Selecting the four stoutest and most resolute men in his corps, he embarked in a batteau just above the island, and with a rope attached to the ring-bolt, which was held by as many muscular fellows on the shore, he succeeded by desperate rowing in reaching his mark. He most easily towed

back, and the feat has since been rendered unnecessary by the construction of the bridge from which the accompanying view is taken.

Many years since, a Tonemanta chief, after a violent quarrel with his squaw, lay down to sleep in his canoe. The little bark was moored just out of the tide of Niagara river, at the inlet to the creek which takes its name from his tribe, and the half-drunken chief, with his bottle of rum in his bosom, was soon fast asleep among the sedges. The enraged squaw, finding, after several attempts, that she could not get possession of the bottle without waking him, unmoored the canoe, and swimming out of the creek, pushed it before her into the swift tide of the river. She then turned its head toward the Falls and regained the shore. The canoe floated down very tranquilly till it struck the first ridge of the rapids. Nearly upset by the shock, she was flung from side to side by the contending waters, and the chief started from his slumbers. The first glance convinced him that effort would be vain; and keeping the canoe upright with instinctive skill, he drew his bottle from his bosom, and put it to his lips. The draught lasted him till he reached the turn of the cataract; and, as the canoe shot over the glassy curve, he was seen sitting upright, with his head thrown back, and both hands pressed to the bottle.

Not long ago it was advertised that, on a certain day, a large vessel, freighted with two or three menageries of wild beasts, and some domestic animals, would be sent down the Rapids. The announcement drew together

an immense concourse of people from every part of the country, and, at the time specified, the vessel was towed into the stream and abandoned,

with the animals loose on her deck. She kept her way very gallantly till she got to the Rapids, when, after a tremendous pitching for a few minutes, she stuck fast in the cleft of a rock. The bears and monkeys were seen in the rigging, but the other animals, not being climbers, were invisible from the shore. To the great disappointment of many thousands, she went over the Falls in the night, and of her whole crew the sole survivor was a goose, who was picked up the next day with no damage but a broken wing, and has since been exhibited as a curiosity.

The Rapids are far from being the least interesting feature of Niagara. There is a violence and a power in their foaming career, which is seen in no other phenomenon of the same class. Standing on the bridge which connects Goat Island with the Main, and looking up towards Lake Erie, the leaping crests of the rapids form the horizon, and it seems like a battle-charge of tempestuous waves, animated and infuriated, against the sky. No one who has not seen this spectacle of turbulent grandeur can conceive with what force the swift and overwhelming waters are flung upwards. The rocks, whose soaring points show above the surface, seem tormented with some supernatural agony, and fling off the wild and hurried waters, as if with the force of a giant's arm. Nearer the plunge of the Fall, the Rapids become still more agitated; and it is almost impossible for the spectator to rid himself of the idea, that they are conscious of the abyss to which they are hurrying, and struggle back in the very extremity of horror. This propensity to invest Niagara with a soul and human feelings is a common effect upon the minds of visitors, in every part of its wonderful phenomena. The torture of the Rapids, the clinging curves with which they embrace the small rocky islands that live amid the surge, the sudden calmness at the brow of the cataract, and the infernal writhe and whiteness with which they reappear, powerless from the depths of the abyss, all seem, to the excited imagination of the gazer, like the natural effects of impending ruin, desperate resolution, and fearful agony, on the minds and frames of mortals.

SARATOGA LAKE.

A singular feature of American scenery is the great number and beauty of its small fresh-water lakes, from one mile to twenty in circumference, fed universally by subagent and living springs, with outlet rivers which carry off all that is superfluous, and with shores always richly fringed with foliage, and oftenest hilly and picturesque. They lie in the midst of the wild forests, like silver mirrors, tranquil and lovely, mingling a refinement and an elegance with the bold character of the scenery, which contrasts, like Una, with the couchant Lion. Most of them

are feeders to the great lakes and rivers. There are counted fifteen which send their waters into Lake Ontario, from the side of New York alone,—a fact which gives a fair idea of their numbers, while it shows the resources, so difficult to conceive, of those vast plains of water.

Saratoga Lake must depend for celebrity on the campaigns of General Burgoyne, and its fish dinners. Of the first, the history has been written and read. Of the last, the traditions are oral; but while appetite returns, and trout venture to the angler's hook, the memory will be renewed. The Springs are distant only three miles; and hither drive the more luxurious visitors of Saratoga, to dine in parties,—those coming early who prefer sympathy with the catastrophe of the fish, and broiling themselves, during the morning, in a flat-bottomed boat among the trout-catchers.

There was a gay party on this lake some six or eight years since, fishing and airing their wit, under the auspices of a belle of some fame and authority. The boat had been pulled into water of five or six feet depth, on the eastern side, and the ladies sat at the ends of their rods, about forty yards from the shore, watching their floats, which lay on the surface of the glassy water like sleeping flies, but, as the old fisherman in the bow could have told them, laughing loud enough to fright even the eels from their appetites. After several hours' bobbing, without bite or nibble, the belle above mentioned discovered that her hook was caught at the bottom. She rose in the stern, to draw it up more easily, and, all the party leaning over at the same time, she lost her balance, and, in falling overboard, upset the boat. For the first minute it was a scene of some terror. The gentlemen were very near drowning the ladies, and the ladies the gentlemen; but the old fisherman, a tall fellow who knew the ground, and was just within his depth, quietly walked about, picking them up one by one, and giving them a hold of the inverted gunwale, and so pushed them safely to shore, suspended round the boat, like herrings on a hoop. Nobody caught cold; other people had caught fish; they dined merrily, and the principal actor in the scene has since been known by the sobriquet of the _diving belle_.

There is an Indian superstition attached to this lake, which probably had its source in its remarkable loneliness and tranquillity. The Mohawks believed that its stillness was sacred to the Great Spirit, and that, if a human voice uttered a sound upon its waters, the canoe of the offender would instantly sink. A story is told of an Englishwoman, in the early days of the first settlers, who had occasion to cross this lake with a party of Indians, who, before embarking, warned her most impressively of the spell. It was a silent, breathless day, and the

canoe shot over the smooth surface of the lake like a shadow. About a mile from the shore, near the centre of the lake, the woman, willing to convince the savages of the weakness of their superstition, uttered a loud cry. The countenances of the Indians fell instantly to the deepest gloom. After a moment's pause, however, they redoubled their exertions, and, in frowning silence, drove the light bark like an arrow over the waters. They reached the shore in safety, and drew up the canoe, and the woman rallied the chief on his credulity. "The Great Spirit is merciful," answered the scornful Mohawk; "He knows that a white woman cannot hold her tongue."

Saratoga Lake is eight miles in length, and a little over two miles broad. It is about eight miles west of Hudson River, which receives its outlet waters under the name of Fish Creek. The same stream, before its entrance into the lake, is called by the sesquipedalian title of Kayaderosseras River. With its pretty maiden name it loses its beauty, and flows forth from its union with the lake, in a dull and murky stream, and so drops sluggishly into the Hudson. Ah! many an edifying homily has been read from a blinder text.

From: The Project Gutenberg eBook, #10457
The Lonely Dancer and Other Poems, by Richard Le Gallienne

TO A BIRD AT DAWN

O bird that somewhere yonder sings,
In the dim hour 'twixt dreams and dawn,
Lone in the hush of sleeping things,
In some sky sanctuary withdrawn;
Your perfect song is too like pain,
And will not let me sleep again.

I think you must be more than bird,
A little creature of soft wings,
Not yours this deep and thrilling word--
Some morning planet 'tis that sings;
Surely from no small feathered throat
Wells that august, eternal note.

As some old language of the dead,
In one resounding syllable,
Says Rome and Greece and all is said--
A simple word a child may spell;
So in your liquid note impearled
Sings the long epic of the world.

Unfathomed sweetness of your song,
With ancient anguish at its core,
What womb of elemental wrong,
With shudder unimagined, bore
Peace so divine--what hell hath trod
This voice that softly talks with God!

All silence in one silver flower
Of speech that speaks not, save as speaks
The moon in heaven, yet hath power
To tell the soul the thing it seeks.
And pack, as by some wizard's art,
The whole within the finite part.

To you, sweet bird, one well might feign--
With such authority you sing
So clear, yet so profound, a strain
Into the simple ear of spring--
Some secret understanding given
Of the hid purposes of Heaven.

And all my life until this day,
And all my life until I die,
All joy and sorrow of the way,
Seem calling yonder in the sky;
And there is something the song saith
That makes me unafraid of death.

Now the slow light fills all the trees,
The world, before so still and strange,
With day's familiar presences,
Back to its common self must change,
And little gossip shapes of song
The porches of the morning throng.

Not yours with such as these to vie
That of the day's small business sing,
Voice of man's heart and of God's sky--
But O you make so deep a thing
Of joy, I dare not think of pain
Until I hear you sing again.

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